ISSUE TWENTY ONE Oh hurrah hurrah!

NOVEMBER 1992

ACME

FUNNIER THAN A VERY FUNNY THING!!

ONLY £1

"'S HIGHLY ILLOGICAL!! SAYS MR SPOCK (VULCAN)

RICK MAYALL (EARTHLING) "TOO RUDE FOR ME!"

9 770963 694004 21

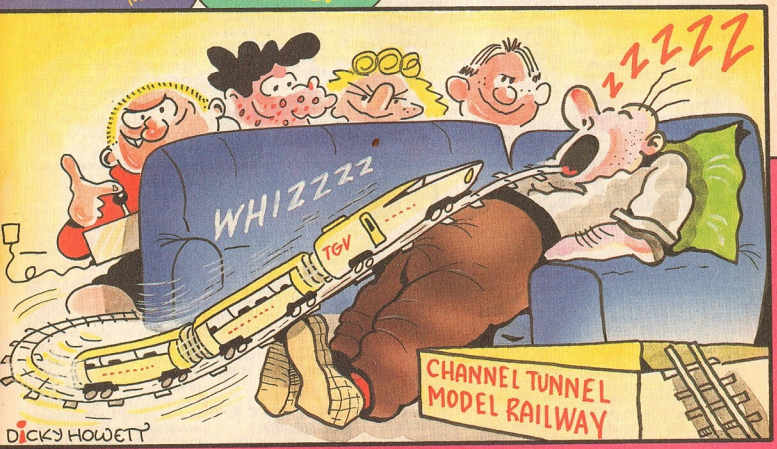
INSIDE THIS MONTH

BILLY BUTT KICK YER 'EAD IN!!

VICTORIA SNOTTY! STUCK UP COW

THE SWEAR BEARS • BLARK!

PLUS QUITE A LOT MORE ACTUALLY



ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FREE INSIDE!

THE Bun

SCHOOL'S OUT, FOREVER!

As many of you will have heard, the schools of Great Britain could soon be a thing of the past. The Government has released an amazing report stating that children DON'T actually like going to school!

Many of the kids interviewed said that they'd rather be at home watching telly than in some crappy maths lesson learning algebra and stuff. Allegedly, nearly all school children feel that it is unnecessary and awful. They take a particular dislike to P.E. lessons and teachers with enormous arses and stinky breath too. Oh and school dinners are naff as well.

REFORMS

In response to this unrest it has been decided that school shall be demolished by Christmas. The buildings themselves are to be turned into video game arcades with pool tables and free beer will be served to any kid who wants it. As the teachers will then be out of a job they are to be humanely 'put to sleep.' And as for all the books and desks, well, there'll be an enormous bonfire, with fireworks too, and clowns and a huge rock concert that goes on for days! Bedtimes will no longer be necessary and will be phased out. From now on you go to sleep when you want and eat when you want! And you'll be able to drive a car too, if you want.

BEWARE OF THE ELEPHANT

A new survey out today states that the role of the domestic pet i.e. dogs and cats etc, is altering drastically.

More and more people are buying elaborate foreign animals instead. One of the latest favourites is elephants. One proud owner of a twenty foot high African elephant told us, "Yes, Tiny is a bit of a head turner, especially when I take him down the shops for some butterscotch for his dinner. But he's ever so gentle, he loves kids and can do all sorts of tricks!" Apparently Tiny can play dead, roll over, and flip Ford Sierras off motorway bridges with his tusks. One of the drawbacks of keeping an elephant is housetraining. Tiny's owner said it might be a niggle finding the odd dog plop behind the sofa now and again, but imagine the trauma of stepping in a 2 ton jumbo poo at three o'clock in the morning. Tiny no longer does his business in the house, he's dug himself a toilet in the local park. " It gives the local kids something to play with too", laughed his master.

Tiger

Many other weird and wonderful creatures are taking on the roles of conventional pets too. One sweet old granny bought herself a savage Bengal tiger when her poodle died. " I can't wait to show the grandchildren it. The trouble is they both disappeared shortly after I got Kevin, (the tiger)", she told us. Coincidentally, just after the kids went missing, Kevin was seen rubbing his tummy and licking his lips, something which Bengal tigers do after a good feed.

Vultures are another favourite, replacing budgies and parrots. They don't take much feeding at all. You just wait for somebody to die and they do the rest.

Insects

By far the most popular new age pet has to be the locust. Pet shops have been inundated with orders for them, and wasps too. One shop in Cleveland has re-opened as a strictly insect only pet shop. At the moment they're having a sale on Daddy Long Legs and Beetles are half price. If it goes on like this popular nursery rhymes and songs will have to be changed. From now on we must all sing, "How much is that ant in the window" and "Daddy wouldn't buy me a termite."

NEWS IN BRIEF...

SOAP OF THE DAY

A 72 year old man has been found very dead after eating two bars of Camay soap with a side serving of shaving foam. The dozy old get believed scoffing toiletries was the key to a longer and healthier life. He couldn't have been more wrong! Within the hour he was dead with a fountain of bubbles cascading from his mouth. His distraught neighbour told us, " He was always a silly old sud, always getting himself into a lather, but now the bubble has burst!" We warned her if she cracked one more soap joke we'd chin her. She did, so we did.

FLOWER POWER!

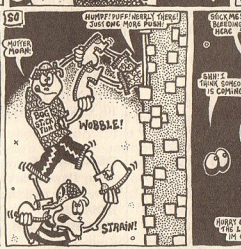
American scientists have announced that they have finally come up with a car that doesn't need petrol, just flowers! All you need to power the amazing Ford Tulip are 8,000 rose petals and 5,000 chrysanthemum heads, plus a dash of sunflower oil every 200 miles. This spells the end of environment damaging car fumes. From now on the whole planet will smell like a branch of Inter Flora. We rang President Bush and asked him if he'd take us for a ride in the new flower power car. He said, "Maybe later, I'm having tea at the moment."

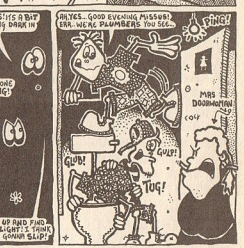
PHEW, WHAT A SCORCHER!

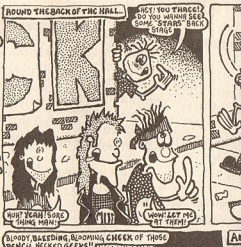
Forgetful Mrs Belinda Broomhandle has hit the headlines once again! Readers may remember her from last time we reported how she handed over a slab of cheese instead of a ticket to British Rail train. This time she's really gone and done it! Belinda was awaiting an important phone call regarding the 'cheese incident' so she decided to do some ironing in the meantime. When the call came, instead of picking up the phone and putting it to her ear she picked up the hot iron! "You could smell the burning flesh a mile away!', laughed her wicked husband. Belinda is still in hospital.

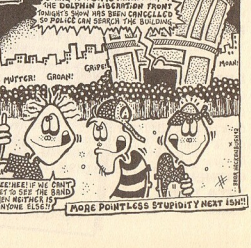
GRRRR!! ITS THOSE BLOODY KIDS

THE ROCK COCK UP!









Talking Cobblers

THE WACKY ACNE LETTERS PAGE!

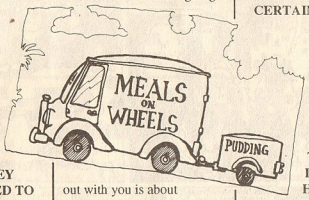
DEAR ACNE,
Have you ever noticed how much those new 'round' tea bags, once used, look exactly like Jaffa cakes? The resemblance is astounding. The taste however, is not, yuk!
JACK McVITIE,
Swansea.

BY THE HECK JACK, YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT! IN FACT, SO SIMILAR ARE THEY THAT WE DECIDED TO RUN SOME TESTS OF OUR OWN. WE GAVE HALF A ROOM FULL OF SENILE OLD PEOPLE SOME REAL JAFFA CAKES TO EAT, AND THE OTHER HALF SOME USED 'ROUND' TEA BAGS. WHEN THE HALF THAT ATE THE TEA BAGS GET OUT OF HOSPITAL WE'LL PUBLISH THE RESULTS OF THE TEST.

DEAR ACNE,
Will someone tell that bloody Catherine Zeta Jones to stop ringing me up asking for a date! I appreciate she has this enormous crush on me, but my girlfriend, Betty Boo, is getting more and more jealous! Tut, chicks, I don't know!
NICKY HUNT,
Acneville.

DEAR NICKY,
Oh yeah Nicky, like I'm going to fancy a dork brained, dog faced son of a gun like you! My arse I am!
CATHERINE ZETA JONES,
London.

DEAR NICKY,
And to even think I'd be seen dead talking to you Hunt, let alone going out with you is about as likely as me putting out a good record!
BETTY BOO,
London.



DEAR ACNE,
I am utterly sick of my friend Clive playing silly jokes on me. He said, if I held my two month old brother upside down and shook him really hard his eyes would fall out! They did not, he just died! Now I am the laughing stock of the school! How can I get my own back on this 'clever Clive'?
RAY VINGLOONEY,
Stockton.

HO HO HO! CLIVE CERTAINLY GOT THE BETTER OF YOU THERE RAY, NOT TO MENTION YOUR LATE BROTHER! WHAT WE SUGGEST IS THAT YOU PAY SOME HUGE, BRUTISH FIFTH YEARS TO HANG HIM UPSIDE DOWN AND GIVE HIM A JOLLY GOOD SHAKE. WHEN HE DIES YOU'LL BE KING PRANKSTER, EASY!

DEAR ACNE,
Happy Days is filmed before a live studio audience.
HOWARD CUNNINGHAM,
Kent.

DEAR ACNE,
Recently I entered the school meat draw. All I had to do was a quick sketch of a sausage and I won. I got a chicken for my trouble. The problem is, they'd taken off all its feathers, and as anyone will tell you they're the best bit. Why am I telling you all this I do not know!
MANDY RANDY,
Ripton

DEAR ACNE,
If, like me, when you have a bath you dread the thought of accidentally getting a mouthful of warm, soapy water, why not do what I do? Empty a jar of Nescafe into your bathwater and half a bag of sugar. That way if you do swallow any water it won't taste so bad!
JIFFY TWOTICKS,
Pentonville.

WHAT A STAGGERINGLY GOOD IDEA! THE NEXT TIME WE HAVE A BATH WE'RE GOING TO FILL IT WITH OXO CUBES AND SOME VEGETABLES. THEN WE CAN GET CLEAN AND HAVE OUR DINNERS AT THE SAME TIME!

DEAR ACNE,
Cheers is filmed before a live studio audience, too.
HOWARD CUNNINGHAM,
Kent.

DEAR ACNE,
My father is constantly complaining about the price of petrol so I thought I'd do him a favour. I stole his car keys and topped up the tank with water, to make the petrol last longer. Unfortunately my good deed backfired, I completely knackered the engine. Not before my outraged parent drove over my legs

Swearing Competition - The Results

Oooooh, we stirred up a right hornets nest with this competition and no mistake. The letters of complaint were phenomenal, but then again who gives a toss? Anyhow, here are the people who sent in the best swear words of all. Sadly we can't print the entries, it's a sodding shame it is. We've marked them for their expletive merit, scores are by the names.

	RUDE RATING
STUART HANCOX - MORETON IN MARSH	96%
PAUL WOODCOCK - BRACKNELL	89%
ALISON LILLEY - KENT	86%
PAUL SALISBURY - ISLE OF MAN	72%
DAVID DONALD - GLASGOW	70%
GARRONNE KRUGER - DRONFIELD	61%
SIMON TYLER - CANNOCK	58%
JOHN GOODA - FIFE	43%
S.J.SCARRATT - SHIPLEY	20%
NEIL O'MEARA - STOCKPORT	3% (very poor)

AND THE WINNER IS....
CHRISTOPHER KELLY, N. IRELAND ..... 638% (disgusting!)
Filthy Chris gets a joke pack, the foul mouthed get what he is.

THE COMP IS NOW CLOSED, YOUR PARENTS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

times though!
MARTY INI,
Manchester.

DEAR ACNE,
I recently took my final exams and left school, much to the dismay of my teachers and family. They said I was wasting my time and had absolutely no confidence in me whatsoever! Looking back I can see their point, I failed the whole damn lot. It looks like a job in McDonald's for me!
SIMON SIMPLE,
Jersey.

DEAR ACNE,
The Golden Girls is filmed before a dead studio audience.
HOWARD CUNNINGHAM,
Kent.

Strange but true

We've all heard of World Cup Football, but did you know, when the game first originated that's exactly what they used - cups! Footballs weren't invented in Victorian times, in fact there was no such thing as a round anything! Saturday afternoon saw teams of men kicking expensive crockery about the pitch. Cups, saucers, plates, you name it, they kicked it! Nowadays men only do this when they are drunk.

It is said that if you dream about something three times it will undoubtably come true. One man kept dreaming he was snogging Kim Basinger and lo and behold, pretty soon he was! Alright, he is married to her but it's still quite eerie. That means next week the ACNE offices will be invaded by 2 foot high aliens with sheeps heads and bums in their chests. Oh dear!

More and more French school children are taking to learning English as opposed to their native tongue. It seems French kids, or tadpoles, think that French is a time consuming, pointless and silly language. Huh, we Brits could have told them that, right kids?

YES, IT'S BACK! DESPITE PUBLIC DEMAND. . . .

Ooooh! Listen to those pop stars lie!!

This issue . . . JULIAN COPE.

"Hi, Jack Nicholson here. I'd just like to tell you about my typical day. I get up at 6:30 every evening and do a few hours tiger spotting down the local shops. For dinner I eat myself then sick myself up straight afterwards. Every afternoon I challenge the kids from Grange Hill to a game of 'Burn The Kids From Grange Hill.' Did you know I have never said the word picador in my life and never will. That's all from me for now, chow."

CHEERS FOR THAT JULES. HEY KIDS, WHY NOT CHECK OUT JULIAN COPE'S NEW ALBUM 'FLOORED GENIUS'? IT'S TOTALLY BRILL, OR ARE YOU ALL SO SHIT THICK YOU THINK 'TAKE THAT' ARE THE ONLY POP GROUP IN THE WORLD? PROBABLY.

Dr. Howe's Waiting Room

Yes Britain's crappiest doctor, Raymond Howe, now works for ACNE comic as our medical advisor. If you have any form of ailment, write to Dr HOWE'S WAITING ROOM listing all the symptoms and he'll print the correct course of treatment.

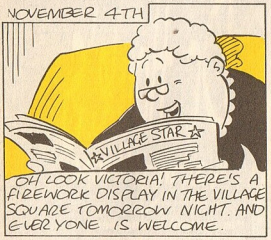
Dear Doc,
Of late, I have been troubled by shooting pains on the outside of my trousers, although this only happens when they are clean on. Similarly, I suffer with aching T-shirts. Is this serious, am I not long for this world, can you help?
GARY GILMORE, Leicester.

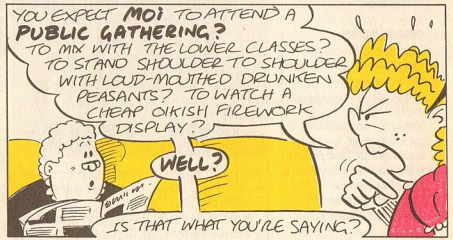
Throbbing Garment Syndrome is an increasingly common complaint these days, but is not fatal, I repeat, not fatal! What causes shirt ache is things like wearing ones that are far too small for you or not taking the hanger out before putting them on. I suggest you burn all of your existing clothes, as they may be infected, and walk around naked for a few weeks. You'll be right as rain, trust me!

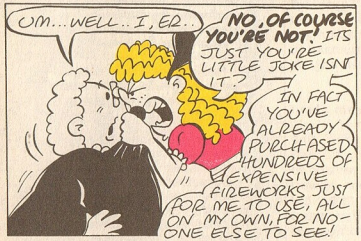
ACNE, as ever, was edited and written by Dean Wilkinson who is solely responsible for the declining standards in taste, integrity and wheat products so indicative of Britain today. The rest of this rag was slung together by such ex convicts as Lee Heeley, who is very short, Will Kevans, who needs a hair cut, and Tone, a stupid looking git who hasn't got a proper name. Other contributors were Nick Millar, and... and ... well that's about it really

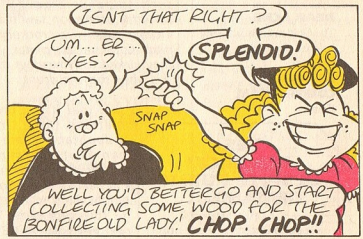
If you're a professional artist or humourist and would like to appear in ACNE, then up yours! Ha, only joking. We will consider any new material as long as it's funny, well, funnier than Billy Butt, put it that way. Don't send originals, just photocopies, and an S.A.E. for when we reject them. And if anybody else sends pathetic comic strips that go for two pages with the same frame then ends in the same puerile, ancient pun, then..... , well, we will be very cross. The address to send your well drawn and funny artwork to is ACNE COMIC, SANDYLANDS HOUSE, MORECAMBE, LA3 1DG. We look forward to hearing from you and sacking our existing artists coz they don't come up to scratch anymore.

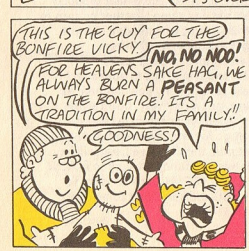
Victoria Snotty











LOOK WE DONT HAVE TIME TO CATCH A 'PEASANT', SO WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THIS PATHETIC THING! BUT WE'LL NEED SOME CLOTHES FOR IT!

TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND SCARF GRANDMOTHER

BUT VICKY, THIS COAT IS BRAND NEW

SO?

YANK

COOEE!!

SHIVER!

OH HELLO DOREEN!

ARTHUR AND I ARE POPPING ALONG TO THE VILLAGE SQUARE TO WATCH THE DISPLAY. ARENT YOU COMING?

WELL, WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE DISPLAY OF OUR OWN HERE

WHO ON EARTH ARE THESE?" GO ON **SHOO!!** YOU'RE TRYING TO WATCH MY DISPLAY ARENT YOU! THESE ARE MY FIREWORKS AND YOU CANT WATCH!! GO ON GET LOST!!

SHOO! SHOO!!

C'MON BLUBBERGUTS, LETS GET THE FIREWORKS READY

MAYBE NANNY SHOULD HANDLE THOSE LOVEY. THEY CAN BE VERY DANGERCUS

TCH! NO! I WANT TO DO IT!! ME, ME **ME!**

FIRE WORK

SOON...

UM.. DONT YOU THINK THEY'RE A LITTLE CLOSE TOGETHER LOVE?

THERE!

OH..ER, MAYBE I SHOULD LIGHT THEM SWEETY?

UM.. YOU'D BETTER STEP BACK A LITTLE POPPET!

MAYBE YOU SHOULD LIGHT THEM ONE AT A TIME

STRIKE!

NONSENSE YOU SENILE OLD FART! I KNOW WHAT IM DOING! IVE HAD AN EDUCATION YOU KNOW, NOT LIKE YOU, **YOU WORKING CLASS OIK!**

FSSSSSSTH

WISSSHHH!

BAM

NOVEMBER 6TH

OWW, OWW, OWW, OW OWW, OWW, OWW, OWW, OWW, OWW, OOWW, OW!)

OH DEAR....

REMEMBER READERS, ALWAYS FOLLOW THE FIREWORKS CODE! I WISH MY VICKY HAD!

©LEE 1992

ONE DAY
HELLO, CAN I MAKE AN APPOINTMENT, I SADLY NEED AN EYE TEST!
INDEED YOU DO SIR. FOR THIS IS A PET SHOP.
AH!
ER..
JUST A PACKET OF TERRAPINS THEN PLEASE.
Alfred the loveable DINOSAUR
YOU'LL LOVE HIM TOO!!
HELLO, I'M ALFRED AND I LOVE YOU!
EXCUSE ME BUT..
DINOSAURS BECAME EXTINCT SEVERAL MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.
MAYBE I SOULD'NT HAVE SAID ANYTHING
THE MAN WITH NO NAME
ONE DAY AT THE DOLE OFFICE...
WHAT NAME PLEASE?
OK THIS IS A ST....
HUH!
ER! WELL, OOOOH NOW, BLAST! WHAT IS IT?!
NEXT PLEASE
WHAT A PECULIAR MAN
OH SOD IT!
CLARENCE CRACKPOT
HE'LL DO OWT FOR A LARF!!
WANG
WHAT?
H Y MUM, GUESS WHAT I'VE DONE FOR A JOKE THIS TIME!
YOU'LL NEVER GUESS COZ IT'S SO HILARIOUS!
HO! HO! I CANT WAIT TO FIND OUT!
I'VE HAD HALF MY BODY AMPUTATED HO! HO! WHAT A LARF!
I'LL PHONE THE HOSPITAL.

What's in the stars for you? Just ask . . .

PEDRO

THE MYSTIC CHIHUAHUA!

LEO (the favourite blanket)
We are all looking for Heaven, but on Friday you will find it! As you are digging on a disused rubbish tip looking for whippets for Noel Edmunds' dinner, you will come across the Kingdom of the Lord in an old baked bean tin. God will be none too pleased at this disturbance, but rather than smite you from the face of the Earth, he'll make you do 100 press ups and swear down not to tell anyone. On Tuesday you'll get a visit from a mysterious doctor claiming to be your G.P. Tell him you don't own a Guinea Pig and all will be well. Lucky beverage for the month - Tea.

VIRGO (the squeaky bone)
Prepare yourself for an unexpected invite to a wedding. Prepare yourself even more because it's yours! Prepare yourself even more as your future spouse turns out to be a set of matching hand luggage. Still, these things happen. The marriage will not last however. Your beloved luggage will run off with a flash briefcase from Hackney. In order for you to pick up the pieces of your life and meet some real people, wear high heel shoes and tighter bin liners, you'll be okay. Lucky beverage for the month - Coffee.

LIBRA (the dreaded lead)
I foresee a great urging and splurging is to disrupt your household tomorrow. The ghastly toilet noises will continue until finally, from beneath the big seat, will burst forth the almighty, Radioactive Turd Monster! The beast shall decimate your house and kill everyone in your town. It shall then stride across the mighty ocean and level America squashing all in it's path. Although, I could be mistaken. On Tuesday a letter from America will cheer you up, it's the Turd Monster saying he's having a lovely time. Lucky beverage for the month - Drinking Chocolate.

SCORPIO (the postman's leg)
Good luck comes your way as you come first in a Spaghetti Eating Competition. It won't last though as you will throw up and lasso the Judges and strangle them with your stringy pasta type vomit. Try not to lend your fingerprints to any bank robbers this weekend, no matter how much they beg, you could end up in big trouble. Turnips are going to become an issue on Mondays, as are apples on Tuesday. An arguments with Princess Diana over you taping her phone calls spoils your tea on Friday. Lucky beverage for the month - Ovaltine.

SAGITTARIUS (that darn cat)
You are shortly to take up one or two water sports and very good you'll be at them too! At events like pass the ice cube, Flick the drip, boil the H_2O and drown the stickleback you will excel and win silver medals for Britain. Unfortunately this is Mr Britain your next door neighbour. He will melt down your medals to make bullets for killing werewolves with. Try not to stretch your legs so often as height will become a problem. Your long trousers will end up looking like cycling shorts. Lucky beverage for the month - Cocoa.

CAPRICORN (the yearly bath)
An accident involving 500 tons of Bourbons, Custard Creams and other biccies will take place on Sunday. You will be involved also. No harm will come to you but you could be picking bits of Rich Tea out of your pants for the next seven years. The ghost of Mr Kipling will visit you shortly and he'll bring with him some exceedingly good cakes which you must learn to love and raise as your children. Thursday marks the start of a new phase in your life, the sage and onion phase. Lucky beverage for the month - Horlicks.

AQUARIUS (the vet's bill)
Your achy breaky heart could be in for another good pummelling soon as you fall in love with a famous T.V. celeb. Sadly Nobby The Sheep is already married to Gloria Hunniford so you won't get a look in. Your friends will rally round you, in high powered sports cars making you very dizzy indeed. You may find yourself in court on charges of fannying around with the ozone layer. Do not admit to anything and you should get off with a light sentence of being shot. Try to burp more and lay off the cider. Lucky beverage for the month - Lemon Tea.

PISCES (the bitch next door)
Next Tuesday you must face perhaps the greatest problem you shall ever have to face in your entire life. You must behave like an adult, take the bull by the horns and come head to head with the dilemma. You must decide whether to tape The Bill and watch Citizen Smith or vice versa! Ooooh it's a toughy, but I have faith in you! This month you must remember to breathe more, especially during meal times. Then perhaps you won't black out so much. Don't forget it's your turn for the cave man costume on Monday! Lucky beverage for the month - Bovril.

ARIES (the chew stick)
A completely new set of eyebrows will cheer you up this week, but not for long though, they'll be on your feet! You could also develop a few new teeth, on the back of your neck! And as for where the new nose will sprout, well, it's too obscene for words! Don't let these newly acquired bodily parts get you down, when the extra hands grow you'll be the school volleyball champion. You must eat more bacon, there is a special reason for this but I cannot divulge it just yet. Sausages are good for space travel too, OH BLAST! That's given the game away! Lucky beverage for the month - Mineral Water.

TAURUS (the kennel)
A new hobby of yours causes a stir next week. You'll be the only kid in Britain who goes fresh water shopping trolley fishing! Just think of the money you could make if you took it up professionally, absolutely none! A trip to the country is on the cards, sadly the country in question is Australia. Oz is full of drunks, flies, kangeroos and sweaty Abos, so you should feel at home shouldn't you?! Avoid putting your limbs in a blender for a few weeks. Look left AND right the next time you cross your heart. Lucky beverage for the month - Carling Black Label.

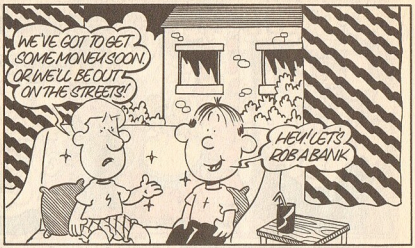
GEMINI (the flea collar)
You may be surprised to find a family of shabby looking unicorns living under your kitchen table. If you're not surprised, then why not?! You must feed them tangerines and lambs wool sandwiches until they are returned to their former glory. Their horns have magical properties and you may well be rewarded with 3 wishes. Three wishes that will not come true as you will learn that they are not unicorns after all. They are merely some rhinoceroses taking the pee! You're such a fool, tut, unicorns indeed! Lucky beverage for the month - Tango.

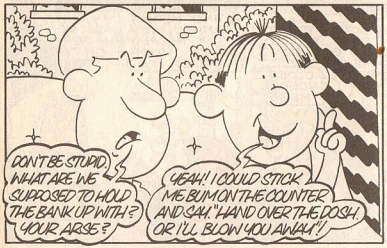
CANCER (the bowl of Winalot)
You may find yourself in very hot water shortly, well, tepid Pepsi, put it that way. And while we're on the subject of fizzy drinks, you remember that can of coke you had last week? Well, it's had a strange effect on you, you can never die! You should know that coke adds life, you're going to live forever! Think of the things you'll see, nuclear wars, alien invasions, the end of the world, you lucky beggar! Avoid referring to yourself as a Bottomburp The Invincible in the 25th Century, it could cause unrest. Lucky beverage for the month - Moth Juice.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE A PERSONAL PREDICTION FROM PEDDERS, THEN WHY NOT WRITE IN? HE NEEDS YOUR NAME, DATE AND TIME OF BIRTH, OH-AND A GOOD SCRATCH ON THE TUM. SEND YOUR DETAILS TO. . . . PEDRO THE MYSTIC CHIHUAHUA, ACNE COMIC, SANDYLANDS HOUSE, MORECAMBE, LANCASHIRE, LA3 1DG.

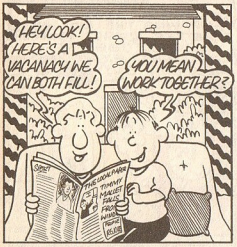
BRAD BIN
HE'LL EAT ANYTHING!
HI THERE! WELCOME TO ANOTHER "BRAD ON FOOD". TODAY I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A DELICIOUS SOUP!
Brad on Food
YOU'LL NEED USE OF YOUR UPSTAIRS WATER TANK.
ALL THE INGREDIENTS ARE HERE IN THE ATTIC.
IN FACT, SOME OF THEM WILL ALREADY BE IN THE TANK ITSELF!
STENCH!
OTHERS CAN BE FOUND LYING AROUND.
FOR INSTANCE, THERE ARE NO MUSHROOMS, BUT WE DO HAVE PLENTY OF TOADSTOOLS AND ASSORTED FUNGI. THEY GO IN FIRST.
THEN, FINELY CHOP UP A SMALL MATTRESS.
ADD TO THAT, A TIN OR TWO OF GLOSS PAINT, FOR A REAL CREAMY-SMOOTH TASTE AND TEXTURE.
THEN, AS A FINISHING TOUCH, BREAK UP A FEW OF YOUR DAD'S CRAP OLD SIXTIES RECORDS.
KRAK!
SNAP!
THESE CAN THEN BE SPRINKLED IN AND USED AS SUPER CRISPY CROUTONS!
NOW, SIMPLY SWITCH ON THE WATER HEATER AND LEAVE TO BOIL.
KLIK!
SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT READY... WHA-?
GLUGGLE! GLUG! GLUG!
AAAARGH! SCREAM!
ONE THING TO REMEMBER ABOUT THIS PARTICULAR CONCOCTION...
BRAD!!
MERVYN
...IS DONT MAKE IT ON BATH NIGHT!
SORRY, DAD!
HOW THE HELL DID THIS COME OUT OF THE TAPS?
REEK!
HEAVE!

Jimbo's Jobbies


WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME MONEY SOON, OR WE'LL BE OUT ON THE STREETS!
HEY! LET'S ROB A BANK


DON'T BE STUPID. WHAT ARE WE SUPOSED TO HOLD THE BANK UP WITH? YOUR ARSE?
YEAH! I COULD STICK ME BUM ON THE COUNTER AND SAY, "HAND OVER THE DOSH OR I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY!"

LET'S LOOK IN THE LOCAL PAPER. THERE'S BOUND TO BE SOMETHING IN THERE
GO ON, THEN
THE LOCAL PAPER
TIMMY MALLOY FALLS FROM WINDOW

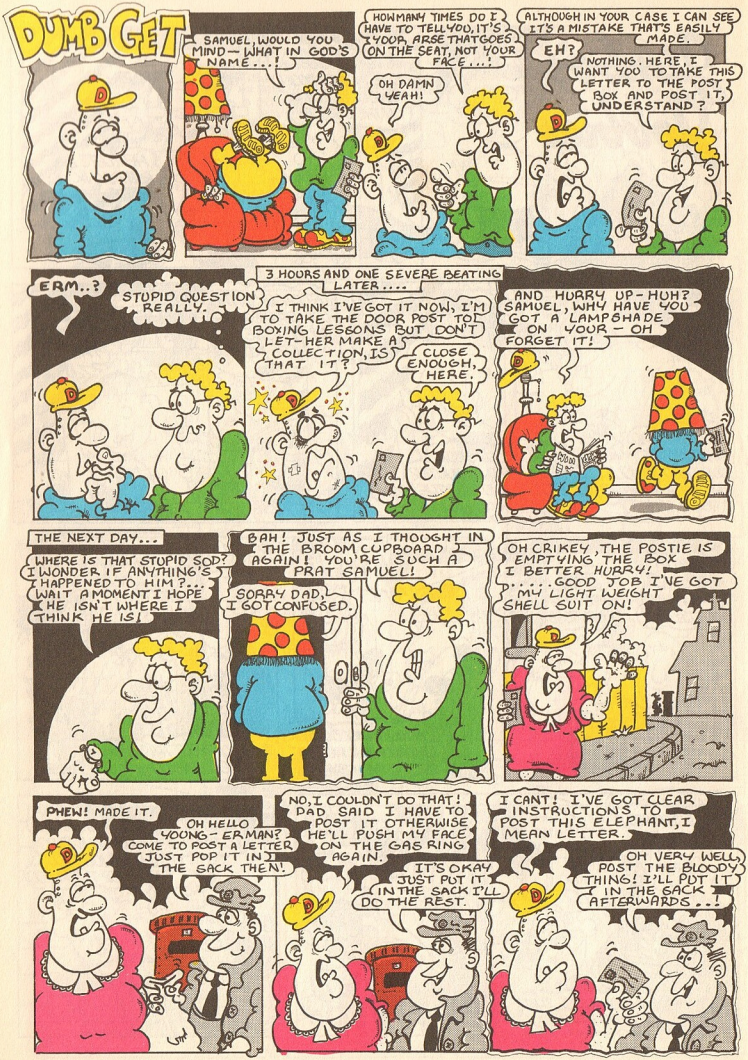

HEY! LOOK! HERE'S A VACANCY WE CAN BOTH FILL!
YOU MEAN WORK TOGETHER?
THE LOCAL PAPER
TIMMY MALLOY FALLS FROM WINDOW

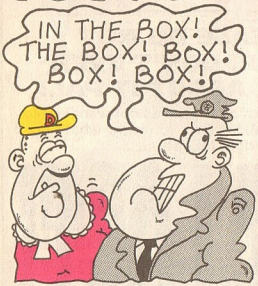
LATER
YIPPEE!!
YES CERTAINLY. 3 O'CLOCK TOMORROW. O.K. WE'LL SEE YOU THEN. BYE!

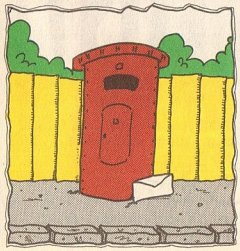
NEXT DAY
HELLO. I'M MR. FOSDUKE. ARE YOU THE YOUNG MAN I SPOKE TO YESTERDAY?
PAAARP!
THAT'S CORRECT. THIS IS MY FRIEND, JIMBO

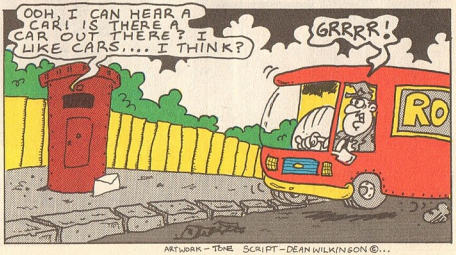
WHAT THE *©P!☆ IS THIS SUPOSED TO BE?
QUACK!
OH GOD PLEASE. THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!

LATER
YOU DIPSTICK! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?
B..BUT THE AD SAID HE WANTED SOMEONE TO DO ODD JOBS ALL OVER THE PLACE!


DUMB GET
SAMUEL, WOULD YOU MIND — WHAT IN GOD'S NAME...!
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, IT'S YOOR, ARSE THAT GOES ON THE SEAT, NOT YOUR FACE...!
OH DAMN YEAH!
ALTHOUGH IN YOUR CASE I CAN SEE IT'S A MISTAKE THAT'S EASILY MADE.
EH?
NOTHING. HERE, I WANT YOO TO TAKE THIS LETTER TO THE POST BOX AND POST IT, UNDERSTAND?
ERM..?
STUPID QUESTION REALLY.
3 HOURS AND ONE SEVERE BEATING LATER....
I THINK I'VE GOT IT NOW, I'M TO TAKE THE DOOR POST TO BOXING LESSONS BUT DON'T LET-HER MAKE A COLLECTION, IS THAT IT?
CLOSE ENOUGH, HERE.
AND HURRY UP-HUH? SAMUEL, WHY HAVE YOU GOT A LAMPSHADE ON YOUR — OH FORGET IT!
THE NEXT DAY...
WHERE IS THAT STOPID SOD? I WONDER IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM?... WAIT A MOMENT I HOPE HE ISN'T WHERE I THINK HE IS!
BAH! JUST AS I THOOGHT IN THE BROOM CUPBOARD AGAIN! YOU'RE SUCH A PRAT SAMUEL!
SORRY DAD, I GOT CONFUSED.
OH CRIKEY, THE POSTIE IS EMPTYING THE BOX I BETTER HURRY! .....GOOD JOB I'VE GOT MY LIGHT WEIGHT SHELL SUIT ON!
PHEW! MADE IT.
OH HELLO YOONG-ER MAN? COME TO POST A LETTER JUST POP IT IN THE SACK THEN!
NO, I COULDN'T DO THAT! DAD SAID I HAVE TO POST IT OTHERWISE HE'LL PUSH MY FACE ON THE GAS RING AGAIN.
IT'S OKAY JUST PUT IT IN THE SACK I'LL DO THE REST.
I CANT! I'VE GOT CLEAR INSTRUCTIONS TO POST THIS ELEPHANT, I MEAN LETTER.
OH VERY WELL, POST THE BLOODY THING! I'LL PUT IT IN THE SACK AFTERWARDS...!







ARTWORK – TONE SCRIPT – DEAN WILKINSON ©...

SIGN OF THE TIMES

We all enjoy those quiet little moments on our own now and again don't we? No parents, brothers, sisters, friends, dogs or vicars, just ourselves and a copy of Acne. But hey, it seems these golden minutes are few and far between nowadays. No sooner do you flop onto your bed with your fave comic than some noisy get bursts in and asks to borrow the hamster or something! Well now those days are over! Yes, thanks to Acne and the miracle of paper, we bring you the Acne Door Knob No Entry Sign!

It's totally brill! Simply cut out the Acne No Entry Sign and affix to a piece of sturdy card. Cut it out again, then hang it on your door knob then slam it shut! If any would be peace disturber happens upon your room they will see the sign, turn round and skidaddle with their tail between their legs, a flea in their ear if you like. Acne offer you 100% peace and quiet guaranteed, or your money back. And if you believe that then you're even dafter than you look.

CUT OUT AND KEEP!

PLEASE DO NOT ENTER, DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT PAL!

I am doing something which I do not want you to know anything about. So if you know what's good for you just turn right round and.....

GET LOST!

I have never really liked you anyway so in future, don't just stay out of my room, stay out of my life!

THIS IS A PRODUCT OF THE ACNE FAMILY RELATIONS DEPARTMENT.

Write on!

PHOTO-LOVE SHORT STORY

TEEN CONTACT

GORI! TELL YOU WHAT! DARRY'S WOULD'NT MIND PUTTING MY TONGUE IN THE EARS OF SOME OF THE GIRLIES IN THIS "HEARTS LONELY HEARTS" MAGAZINE!!

DARREN BONER WAS AN ORDINARY TEENY TEENAGER BUT FOR ONE PROBLEM... HE'D BOW-UP HIS OWN BUMHOLE IF IT MEANT HE COULD HAVE A GIRLFRIEND OF HIS VERY OWN!!!

HOW'MAT WASN'T FUNNY THE WAY YOU FELL OVER AFTER MUM TOUCHED YOU IN THE FACE! ANYWAY GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR LONELY HEARTS ABERT... CHUCKLE CHORTLE..LAUGH!

BRA! YOU'LL SEE YOU FREE BREATHER CLOWN! I'LL GET A REALLY ACE GIRLFRIEND AND THEN COME BACK AND WEE THROUGH YOUR LETTERBOX!

SHUT UP DARREN YOU PIG FACED GOFFIN! GIRLIE WOULD WANT TO GO OUT WITH YOU!! THEY LIKE GUYS LIKE ME, WHO REALLY SMASHING HAIRCUTS LIKE WHAT I HAVE GOT!

GIRLIE SHOWS INTEREST

HUH! YOU'LL SEE! I'M GONNA WRITE MY OWN LONELY HEARTS BIT INTO THE MAGAZINE AND I BET I HAVE GIRLS BUZZING ROUND ME LIKE FLYS ROUND A REALLY SQUIDGY TURD!

ON THE WAY HOME MEETS UP WITH HIS SCHOOL CHUM SHONA...

HIYA DARREN YOU BIG OLD SUB OF MARGARINE! I'M MORE BORED THAN A PILE OF "HOME + AWAY" VIDEOS! WHO THE BLEEDING HECK ARE YOU UP TO?

I'M WRITING OFF TO "TEEN CONTACT" TO GET A BLOODY SEXY GIRL FRIEND! YOU CAN HELP IF YOU WANT SHONA!!

LOOK AT THIS! THE POSTMAN MUST HAVE DROPPED ON YOUR DOORSTEP! BY DEBT.. IT'S AN INVITATION TO GO TO THE OFFICES OF "TEEN CONTACT" TODAY!!

GOSH! I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE? COME ON SHONA! YOU SLAPPER, LETS GO AND FIND OUT!

YEAH SURE! BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE THE CHAIR OF YOUR BEHIND BEFORE WE GO!

BY BEAR HACKENBUSH 1992

OH, HELLO MUM, YOU OLD TROUT! WHATS FOR TEA TONIGHT? HOPE IT'S NOT DEEP FRIED GOLDFISH AGAIN!

NEVER MIND THAT! I WANT TO KNOW WHICH ONE OF YOU TWO ATE ALL THE DOGS BISCUITS!!

I KNOW! WHAT ABOUT "FAT BLOKE WANTS GIRLIE WITH BIG UNS TO LOVE HIM AND BUY HIM CAKES"...WHAT ABOUT THAT?

MMM...PERHAPS NOT...WHAT ABOUT "SHY, SENSITIVE GUY WANTS TO MEET LOVING GIRL FOR LONG WALKS IN THE PARK + TEDDY BEAR CUDDLING SESSIONS!

SOUNDS AS SAPPY AS EVER HAPPY, BUT IF YOU THINK IT'LL WORK, I'LL GIVE IT A GO!

HMM...ITS BEEN TWO WEEKS SINCE I SENT MY "LOVE LINE"! THERE BETTER BE A REPLY TOMORROW OR ELSE IM GONNA SUPER GLUE MY BUM TO THAT GIRAFFE!!

AT THE "TEEN CONTACT" OFFICES...

EEE, ISN'T THAT CHRISTOPHER BIGGINS?

SHH!! WELL RUN THE STORY, YOU SAD OLD FLAPPER!!

CONGRATULATIONS MADDER BOMBER! WE'VE FOUND THE SEXY PERFECT GIRLIE FOR YOU! SHE'S DEAD BLOODY PRETTY AND SHE WANTS TO MARRY YOU IF YOU SAY YES!

YOU GO TO THE TOILET AND STUFF YOUR FACE WITH CREAM CAKES AND SO FORTH. WHILE I GO AND SORT OUT ALL THE EMBARRASSING GIRLIE THINGS WITH THE FELLAS FROM "TEEN CONTACT"!!

SOUNDS LIKE A BLOODY GOOD DEAL TO ME!

WELL THEN YOUNG MASTER HERE'S THE NAME, ADRESS AND PHOTO OF YOUR BRIDE TO BE AND MY YOU BOTH BE HAPPIER THAN A BIG DOG SNIFFING A LAMPPOST!!

YUPPEE!!! LOVE BITE, CITY HERE BLOODY WELL COME!

YES! YES! YES! I'LL MARRY THE TASTY YOUNG TART. JUST LET ME AT HER!!

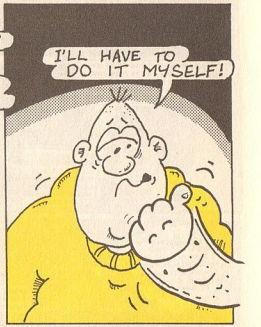
GASP! IS ABUT SHONA! IT'S, IT'S...YOU!!

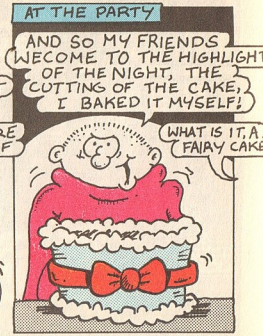
YES MY DARLING DARREN I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU! NOW HURRY UP! I'VE BOOKED THE CHURCH FOR 3:30, SO WE CAN GO SHOPPING FOR SOME NICE DRESSES FIRST!

BLOODY HELL!!

BILLY BUTT
HE'S A RIGHT HARD NUT

AS YOU MAY RECALL FROM THE LAST ISH, BILLY WAS ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL. NOW HE'S OUT BUT HAS HE RECOVERED?





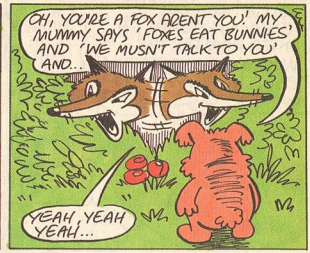
HERE'S SOME FLOWERS AND AN INVITE TO A PARTY I'M THROWING!
LOOK OUT HE'S GONNA CHIN US!
A BUNCH OF FLOWERS, I EXPECTED A BUNCH OF FIVES?!
ME TOO!
AAAAAGH! IT'S YOU, YOU'RE BACK, IT LOOKS LIKE A SOUND PUMMELLING FOR ME!
YO!
OW!
SMEK!
I'M QUITE ENJOYING THIS 'TAKING IT EASY LARK'!
HE HAS, HE'S GONE SOFT, I WANT MY MONEY BACK
READERS VOICE
ERE, ARE YOU BILLY BUTT? WE 'EARD YOU'D GONE SOFT SO ME'RE TAKING OVER THIS STRIP!
YEAH!
WELL, LET'S FIND OUT SHALL WE?
BAM!
WELL, I WAS TOLD TO TAKE THINGS EASY HEE... HEE..! I ALWAYS THROW A GOOD BASH, DON'T I!
EEEH, THE CRAFTY GIT!
READERS VOICE

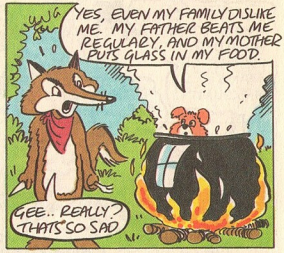
ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF THE CRAP DRAWINGS
THE Return OF Richie Smith
THE FIFTH & FINAL PART
THE CRAP DRAWINGS ARE BEING TERRORISED (SORT OF) BY THE ZOMBIFIED REMAINS OF YOUNG RICHIE SMITH.
HIYA CHUMS
YOU MUST HAVE ACCIDENTLY LOCKED ME OUT!
NEVER MIND
HEY NOBBY! YOU STILL GOT THOSE VIDEO NASTIES ON TAPE?
ER.. YEAH, WHY?
QUICKLY SOMEONE! PUT ON ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS!
WHAT!!? THIS AINT NO TIME TO WATCH BLOODY VIDEOS!!
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT! WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET SOME IDEAS ON HOW TO KILL ZOMBIES FROM IT!
OKAY, I'LL PUT IT ON! JUST GIMME A SEC!
HURRY UP KAK-BREATH!
WELL? WELL? ANYTHING YET?
DONT RUSH ME MAN! THIS IS THE BIT WHERE THE BIRD GETS IN THE SHOWER! WAHEY!
COOee!
CRAWL
HURRY NOBBY!!
ER...WAIT! THIS IS THE BIT...OH YEAH!
DESTROY THE HEAD!!
BLAM BLAM
SNATCH!
GOT IT!!
OH GOODY! WHAT GAME ARE WE PLAYING NOW?
HUT! HUT! HUT!
AMERICAN FOOTBALL!
HUT! HUT! HUT! HUT! HUT! HUT!
Oh!
SHRILL
TOUCH-DOWN!!
OOF!
PHEW! THAT WAS FUN! I LOVE YOU GUYS. YOU'RE MY BESTEST FRIENDS IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
AND I KNOW YOU LOVE ME TOO.
STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!
BLOODY POOF!
SQUISHH!!
PHEW! IT'S OVER AT LAST!
YEAH, IT WAS SO HORRIBLE!
SAY, ANYONE WANNA WATCH THE REST OF ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS!?
WHAD' I SAY??? WHAD' I SAY??
PAH!
OWW!
THE END
©LEE H 92

BLOODY AGES AGO
KISS ME, YOU GLORIOUS HUNK!
POUSH
ZZZ
ZZZ-EH? YOU WOKE ME JUST AS I WAS SNOGGING THAT 20TH CENTURY BIRD KIM BASSINGER!
NEVER MIND THAT! I'VE AN IDEA TO GET OUR OWN CRUMPET!
SHAKE
ROLLUP! ROLLUP! GORGEOUS WOMEN ENTER NOW FOR THE WORLD'S FIRST BEAUTY CONTEST!!
AS THE JUDGES OF THE CONTEST, WE'LL HAVE OUR PICK OF THE GIRLS..!
UG and Gurs' BEAUTY KONTEST APPLY now!
DROOL! WHO NEEDS KIM BASSINGER..
THIS CONTEST IS DEGRADING TO WOMEN! IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN A CATTLE MARKET!
MOO TO YOU!
t the BEAUTY CONTEST..
IN FACT I'LL CHAIN MYSELF TO THIS BOULDER IN PROTEST OF MANS' MASCULINITY!
PLEASE YOURSELF.
BUT EXCUSE US AS WE DODGE THE LAVA!
EEEK!!
LAVA TOBE
VERY GENTLEMANLY!
THE PROBLEM WITH HOLDING A BEAUTY CONTEST IN PREHISTORIC TIMES IS THAT ALL THE WOMEN ARE SO BLOODY UGLY!
10
27
91
2½
TRUE, UG. BUT THAT 'RAVING FEMINIST GAVE ME AN IDEA..
I SOLD ALL THE BEAUTY CONTESTANTS TO THE LOCAL CANNIBAL MARKET!
HOW DARE YOU LEAD US ASTRAY!
HANNIBAL NICE CHAP
NICE ONE!
WHAT'S EATING YOU, LUV?
RICKY HOWETT
SCRIPT: TIM QUINN

Tales from Wibbly Wood

"BOBBIN'S SWING" BECAUSE OF HIS SIZE, LITTLE BOBBIN BUNNY WASNT ALLOWED TO PLAY WITH THE BIGGER BUNNIES. IF HE TRIED TO JOIN IN THEIR GAMES THE OTHER BOYS WOULD LAUGH AND SWEAR AT HIM AND OCCASIONALLY INSULT HIS MOTHER AND GIVE HIM PAPERCUTS.



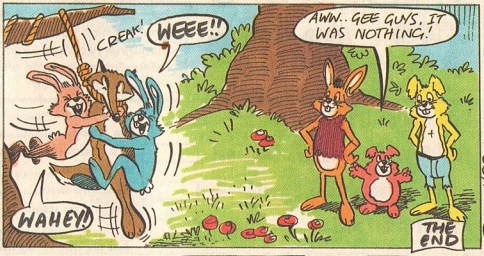


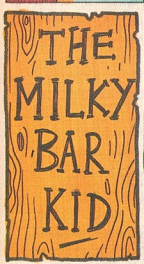
I ONLY WANT TO BE LOVED. WHY DO PEOPLE DISLIKE ME? I SO DEARLY WANT TO BE LIKED.
SIZZLE!
SOB! SOB! WAIL!!
ITS SO SAD, SO, SO SAD! BOO HOO!

I CANT TAKE IT NO MORE! I FEEL SO BLUE! LIFE'S TOO CRUEL!!
KRAK!
GAK!
SIR?

SWAY!
GEE... I HOPE ITS NOTHING, I SAID.

LATER...
WOW! THIS IS GREAT BOBBIN' FORGET WHAT WE SAID EARLIER. YOU CAN JOIN OUR GANG AFTERALL!
YEAH! ANY KID WHO CAN MAKE AN ACE SWING LIKE THIS, CAN PLAY WITH US ANY DAY!


CREAK!
WEEE!!
WAHEY!
AWW.. GEE GUYS, IT WAS NOTHING!
THE END
©DEE 492


THE MILKY BAR KID

ITS DE MILKEE BAA KEED!

GIDEE UP BRIAN!
GROAN!! YA FAT GET.

OCH, ME POOR BACK, ITS KNACKERED!
MILKY, MILKY!
ILL SHOW THAT CANDY BAR MUNCHING TWERP!

SO
THERE, THAT'LL TEACH THE NESTLE-MUNGUS LUMP OF LARD!

OH, MILKO! COULD YOU STEP IN HERE A MOMENT, ITS NOT A TRAP OR OUT! I'VE GOT A SUPER HUGE CHOCO SURPRISE FOR YER!
MEGA!

OUF!
WHUMP

QUITE DEAD!
HO HO! THE MILKY BARS ARE ON HIM ALRIGHT! CHUCKLE!!!
FIN

HOW HONKY ARE YOUR HEADMASTER'S FEET?

As we haven't had a decent dig at the legion of the undead, or as they call themselves, the teaching profession, for a while, we decided it was high time we upset them again. This time we're taking a close look, and sniff, at Headmasters' feet. Some are huge, some are gigantic, some are even bigger! Loads of them are as bent as Gazza and quite a few are as flat as pancakes and twice as lemony! One in three Headmasters' feet are exactly like chickens', wrinkly and with talons attached. But one thing that binds all their plates of meat together is that they all stink like nothing on earth!

Now, we at Acne are looking for the Top Teachy with the most rancid and stomach churning aroma since Fergie had diarrhoea that time! So if you think your Head Vampire has got the grottiest footsies ever, we want you to apprehend one of those socks and send it in! Complete the form below and tick one of those the ratings from the 'Toe Jam Gauge' which best describes the unholy smell of the sock. The winner receives a year's free subscription and some Odour-Eaters, so come on you brave dudes, get those whiffy socks rolling in!

Poo! I think it's alive! ——— ☐

Yuk! Even the sock has bunions! ——— ☐

Ooh! I've scorched my nose! ——— ☐

Aaagh! It bit me! ——— ☐

Jesus! I'm gonna puke! ——— ☐

Headmaster's name .....

Age of socks .....

Is it radioactive? .....

Do you feel ill? .....

Describe his hooves .....

Your name and address .....

.....

Send your socks to: Headmaster's Althetes Sock Competition, ACNE The Teacher Hating Mag, Sandylands House, Morecambe, LA3 1DC.

••Alan Moore's Great Banana Amnesty••

Hi, Alan here. It has come to my attention that some citizens of our fair Isle are still harbouring bunches of the dreaded, bendy fruits known as bananas! The day of the anti-banana revolution grows even closer and, come that time, anyone found in possession of a banana, even a plastic one, will be publically shouted at! I say to you, take your yellow fruits to your local Police Station and we'll say no more about it! My agents will visit each station and collect them for suitable disposal. This is your final chance. Please fill in the form below and give it to the desk sergeant with your bananas, thank you.

Dear Copper,
I hereby hand over my entire stock of illegal bananas on the understanding that I shall not be prosecuted under the Bendy, Yellow, Tropical Fruit Act of 1992. The agents of the Banana Free Europe Society will collect them in due course. Thank you for your assistance in this matter and The Bill is the best programme ever.

Signed.....

UNLUCKY JUDITH

JUDITH MUST BE THE UNLUCKIEST 13 YEAR OLD IN THE WORLD, FOR A START HE'S A BOY SECONDLY, HE'S BEEN 13 SINCE 1974!!!

YO DUDES! I'VE BEEN ASKED TO APPEAR ON THE T.V. SHOW CLUEDO. PARHAPS MY LUCK IS FINALLY CHANGING FOR THE BETTER?

BUT...

LOOK OUT SON! GIRAFFE!

WINNEE!

CRUMP

TOT! JOST MY LUCK TO GET FLATTENED BY A FALLING GIRAFFE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN NESTING IN THAT TREE AND LOST ITS BALANCE!

WELL I NEVER!

WOOF!

(TRANSLATED - ME NEITHER)

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO ME! STILL, I'M NEARLY AT THE STODIO NOW, AND HOPE FULLY OUT OF HARMS WAY!

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT! I'VE STEPPED IN A HUGE DOLLOP OF CHEWING GOM, I'M STUCK FAST! IT COULD BE A GOOD TWO MINUTES BEFORE I CAN FREE MYSELE!

THAT IS UNFORTUNATE, YOU SEE I HAVE TO DEMOLISH A SMALL SECTION OF THAT WALL BEHIND YOUR HEAD.... IMMEDIATLY

OTHERWISE I'LL LOSE MY JOB!

OODER, I WOULDNT WANT THAT, YOU'D BETTER CARRY ON!

GERTCHA!

GRAN

AT THE STUDIO

PHEW! WHAT A LUCKLESS DAY! STILL, AT LEAST I'M HERE AT THE STUDIOS SAFE AND SOUND.

ON A

STUDIO

OH HI RICHARD MADELY HOST OF CLUDO WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

NOT THAT MUCH JUDITH, ONE OF OUR ACTORS CAN'T TURN UP SO I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MURDER YOU INSTEAD SOZ AND ALL THAT!

OH CAK TO IT!

NICKY HUNT
THE LIVING PERSON! HONESTLY.
©LT
WOW! I THINK I'LL TRY FOR THAT! I'VE HAD LOTS OF EXPERIENCE, I AM ALICE COOPER AFTER ALL!
ROCK GROUP NEEDS SINGER
NO POOFY SMITHS TYPES
APPLY WITHIN.
SCABBY TOAD RECORDING
SO
O.K. PAL, YOU'VE HEARD THE TUNE, HERE'S THE LYRICS. SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO!
OK
WOW! I HAD A GUITAR JUST LIKE THAT IN A PREVIOUS LIFE, WHEN I WAS BUDDY HOLLY! AND DID YOU KNOW...
YES MATE, LET'S JUST GET ON WITH IT, O.K.?!
RIGHTO! HE'S NICE REHEARSAL ROOM, REMINDS ME OF THE ONE MY MATE SLASH OUT OF GUNS 'N' ROSES HAD IN 1991...
ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR,
IF I FALL ON MY HEAD, I LAND ON MY FEET
I'M THE HARDEST LITTLE SUCKER YOU'LL EVER MEET
I'M A MEAN MOTHER, I'VE GOT BAD HABITS
I EAT MY OWN BOGIES, I DONT CLEAN OUT ME RABBITS!
DROM
THAT'S OUR MAN
BDUM BDUM BDUM
BLOODY HELL! HE'S GOOD, AINT HE?
MEGA
YER! WHOT D'YA FINK, TERRY?
LISTEN NICKY, WE'VE GIVEN IT A BIT OF THOUGHT, WE WANT YOU TO JOIN THE GROUP!
GREAT! SO LONG AS I DON'T PUT YOU ALL IN THE SHADE, I AM A LIVING LEGEND YOU KNOW!!
BLIMEY! SENSE OF HUMOUR AS WELL!
CAN'T BE BAD!
I THINK HE'S GOIN' TO FIT IN WELL WITH US
LATER
HEY MUM, GUESS WHAT? I'M IN A BAND! YES, IT'S TRUE!
NICKY, IF THIS IS A LIE, I'M GOING TO STUFF YOUR HEAD UP YOUR BUM!
NO! I LEFT U2, MY OLD OUTFIT, THEY WERE CRUD ANYWAY!
THIS IS MY NEW OUTFIT! WE'VE GOT A GIG AT THE ALBERT HALL NEXT WEEK! GOOD, IN NIT?
NICKY & THE NUTSOBS
HMM... 'NICKY AND THE NUTJOBS, LIVE' AT THE CHE GUEVARA STUDENT UNION BAR ON THE 5TH 'CRIKEY! MY SON THE POP STAR! THIS I HAVE TO SEE!
THE DAY OF THE GIG
TWANG
WE'RE NICKY AND THE NUTJOBS, WE'RE DISGUSTING AND OBSCENE
WE WIPE OUR BUMS WITHOUT PAPER AND OUR FINGERNAILS AINT CLEAN
CRIKEY! HE'S BLOODY GOOD!
YOUR JOKING MRS?
CRAP! BRING BACK BARRY MANILOW!

IGNORE HIM NICKY THERE'S ALWAYS ONE LOONEY IN THE AUDIENCE!
ARE YOU JOKING, MR SWAYZE?
YOU SAY SORRY NOW, OR YOU'RE DEAD! NOBODY MESSES WITH BARRY McGUIGAN!
NO WAY! YOUR MUSICS CRAP!
RIGHT THAT DOES IT! GIVE ME YOUR GUITAR, MR CLAPTON!
SWIPE
NO NICKY...
AND NICKY GOES CRAZY!
HUP
BOP BOW
CRITICIZE MY MUSIC WOULD YOU? ME, WHO WROTE 'EVITA' 'CATS' AND 'ASPECTS OF LOVE? YER DEAD PAL!
BASH
FUK SLAPS!
THUMP!
CK
THE SINGER'S LAYING INTO THAT HECKLER!
RUMBLE!!
NEXT DAY
The Sun
NEW ROCK BAND CAUSES RIOT AT S.U. BAR
BRILLIANT NICKY! WELL DONE MATE!
COOL!
The Sun NICKY IS ACE
LOOK AT THIS FANTASTIC FREE PUBLICITY!
WELL, IT WAS, OF COORSE, MY GENIUS THAT WAS BEHIND THE WHOLE SCHEME, AND DID YOU KNOW...
NEVER MIND THAT! GUESS WHAT! I'VE JUST COME OFF THE PHONE! WE'VE BEEN BOOKED BY TERRY CRUSTY BUM TO PLAY ON THE PATRONIZING AND INTELLIGENCE INSOLTING CHANNEL 4 POP SHOWCASE THE TURD - NEXT WEEK!
NEXT WEEK
the turd
OH, THANKS AMANDA, AHEY, RIGHT, HEY, GIBBER, GABBLE, STUFF AND NONSENSE, HOHA, PATRONIZE, INANE GRIN, GIBBER?
NOW HERE'S A NEW BAND FROM ACNETOWN, I'M SURE WE'LL ALL BE CALLING IT MAD TOWN SOON, HERE'S NICKY AND THE NUTJOBS
THANKS FOLKS! BEFORE WE START TO PLAY OUR FIRST EVER SINGLE FOR YOU....
I'D LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE WHO MADE THIS POSSIBLE!
SHIT
The Job
THE TWAT!
MARC BOLAN, KEITH RICHARDS, SEAL, BRYAN ADAMS, NODDY HOLDER, MEAT LOAF, CHER, CATHY DENNIS, JULIAN LENNON, LISA STANSFIELD, BRIAN MAY, PHIL SPECTOR, RINGO STARR, RON WOOD, SADE...
EVENTUALLY
...SABRINA, ERIC BURDON, THE BONZO DOG DOO DAH BAND AND HANK MARVIN. NOW, HERE'S OUR SINGLE!
AFTER THE SHOW
HOW DID WE DO LADS?
I'M AFRAID NOBODY HEARD THE SONG, NICKY...
...DUE TO YOUR OVERLONG BULL SHIT SESSION, WE WERE PLAYING DURING THE SODDING ADVERTS, YOU HOPELESS GIT!
LATER
DIDN'T WANT TO BE IN THEIR CRAP BAND ANYWAY
I THINK I'LL BECOME A NEUROSURGEON

TRAFFIC SIGNS

CAUTION, PICKPOCKETS.

SMART FIREPLACE AHEAD.

THOSE GUNS THEY USE ON STAR TREK.

HAVE YOU REMEMBERED TO SET YOUR VIDEO?

FIESTAS, CORTINAS, SIERRAS AND ESCORTS ETC ONLY.

FREE THINGS, 50 YARDS AWAY.

NOT FREE THINGS, BUT GREATLY REDUCED THINGS.

NO OLD MONEY PERMITTED.

FROM DOING WHAT?

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING LOCKERBIE.

LLOYDS BANK AHEAD.

FLYING SAUCER CRASH SITE.

THE ADVANCED PERSON'S HIGHWAY CODE

Now, as a lot of you are approaching the age when it will be necessary to learn to drive (over ten), we at ACNE have decided to start your driving tuition early. Here before you are the real facts of the road, the things you will need to know when you're out there on the Queen's Highway with the rest of the bloody idiots. So fasten your seat belt, put her into first and read on!

OVERTAKING.

1 The golden rule for overtaking is:
MIRROR - HAIR OKAY? - MANOEUVRE.

2 Do not overtake unless you are sure you have a faster car than the one you intend to pass. Otherwise you can guarantee, a minute later he's going to roar past you with a smug look on his face.

3 Once you've started to overtake always slow down so that you are level with the other car, this way you can get a good eyeful. If they're quite tasty, there is no harm in winding down the passenger side window and striking up a conversation.

4 Never overtake on the left unless:

a The car in front is turning left and you want to nark him.

b You're in a queue of slow moving traffic and you're busting for a widdle. In this case it's okay to drive on the path.

c You're being chased by the Police.

d You're showing off.

USE OF CAR TELEPHONES.

5 Do not use a telephone handset whilst your vehicle is moving except in an emergency. For instance, if you suddenly realise you've forgotten to ask someone to tape Brookside, or you just want to know what's for tea, then it's permitted. They can be quite a Godsend too when phoning an Ambulance for the cyclist you've just ploughed into owing to your lack of concentration.

DRIVING IN FOG.

6 Driving in fog can be a real hoot and there are many games you can play.

a Why not play, 'Know That Road!' It's simple, all you do is pick a stretch of road or a set of streets you think you know well and see how fast you can drive round them. For an added test of skill, switch off all your lights and wear sun-glasses.

b Play, 'Pretend Coppers!' It's easier if you have a white car and you paint an orange stripe down the side. You then drive up the arses of other road users, flash your lights and make them pull over. For extra effect, spray a pot noodle carton luminous blue and stick it to your roof. Once you've put the willies up the other motorist and he's pulled over, drive off tooting your horn and rubbing your chin, he'll be most annoyed. In really dense fog, why not pull over yourself, put on a toy coppers helmet and question him for a while?

c If you're driving a rather heavy, long vehicle, pull up at the top of a hill overlooking a small village or town. Switch off your engine and your lights and allow the lorry to coast down the hill. Once at the bottom, yank the air horn and flick on full beam! Any pedestrians in the vicinity will quickly need a change of underwear. If you've the money paint the lorry green and install a flame thrower at the front. Anyone who sees you will run for their lives thinking there are dragons in town.

THE SAFETY OF PEDESTRIANS.

7 Remember, every sixty seconds a person gets run over! And he's getting pretty sick of it!

a Old people. If you're cruising along and you see an O.A.P. with a zimmer frame about to step onto a zebra crossing, slow down! Then, when they're in the middle of the road, blast past them hurling a barrage of cruel and unnecessary abuse. Sometimes you may have to park up until they shuffle into position, but don't worry, remember, 'Give The Elderly Time!'

b Another kind of pedestrian to look out for is the, 'Cocky Sod.' This type, usually young, like to saunter across the road, and when they see you approaching deliberately slow down to let you pass as closely as possible. The best thing to do in this case is to give a little tug on the steering wheel in the relevant direction just so you manage to clip the backs of their ankles. That should take the smile off their faces. Always remember to admire your handywork via your rear view mirror.

c When entering or emerging from a property bordering a road, give way to pedestrians ONLY if you fancy them. If they are ugly or fat, put the pedal to the metal, they'll probably be glad of the exercise. Remember, pavements are for parking and kerb crawling and nothing else!

LINES AND LANES ALONG THE ROAD.

8 Road markings

a Where there are double white lines but one is broken, this means the machine used to paint the lines was knackered and the council can't be bothered getting off it's fat arse to finish the job off.

b Areas of white diagonal stripes or chevrons on the road means it was Friday afternoon when they were painted and the lazy bloody council employees got bored and started messing about.

c When you see traffic cones on a dual carriageway, this means they'll be there for at least a good two years. Always carry a long broom shaft in your car so you can stick it out of the window and knock them down as they pass. Putting them up must be an arduous task, but knocking them down is a doddle.

d A single, pink, wobbly line with a tartan elephant balancing on it singing 'Lady Of Spain' means you are extremely drunk. Drive home as quickly as possible before the rozzers see you.

e Coloured reflecting road studs, (or cat's eyes), are another way of keeping lane uniformity. They can easily be stolen by prizing them out with a sharp penknife or screwdriver. They make excellent and attractive cuff links for men and pretty earing studs for ladies. Red or green studs look nice for evening wear and blue or white studs for casual.

ARM SIGNALS

MY WIFE HAS LEFT ME

HI THERE!

I AM DRYING MY NAILS.

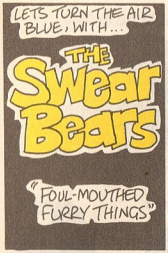
YO, GIMME FIVE, BRO!

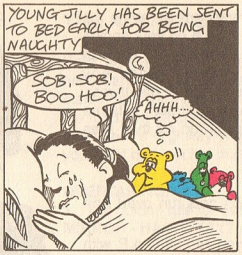
I HAVE FARTED, PHEW, WATCH OUT!

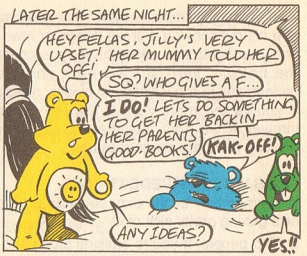
ARM SIGNALS BY THE PIGS

IT IS 3 O'CLOCK, SIR.

YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE SEEN A ROLL OF LINO WOULD YOU SIR?

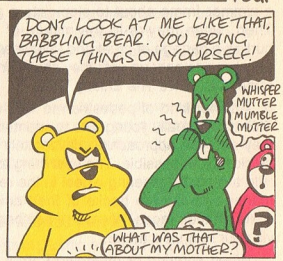

LETS TURN THE AIR BLUE, WITH...
THE Swear Bears
"FOUL-MOUTHED FURRY THINGS"


YOUNG JILLY HAS BEEN SENT TO BED EARLY FOR BEING NAUGHTY
SOB, SOB! BOO HOO!
AHHH...


LATER THE SAME NIGHT...
HEY FELLAS, JILLY'S VERY UPSET! HER MUMMY TOLD HER OFF!
SO? WHO GIVES A F...
I DO! LETS DO SOMETHING TO GET HER BACK IN HER PARENTS GOOD-BOOKS!
KAK-OFF!
ANY IDEAS?
YES!!

ANY OLD IRON! GERTCHA YOU COWSON! MY OLD MANS A DUSTMAN, HOW'S YA FATHER! JELLIED EELS DOWN THE MARKET!
BLARK!
CLAKY CLAKY CLAK
SIGH

SLAPS!


DONT LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, BABBLING BEAR. YOU BRING THESE THINGS ON YOURSELF!
WHISPER MUTTER MUMBLE MUTTER
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT MY MOTHER?

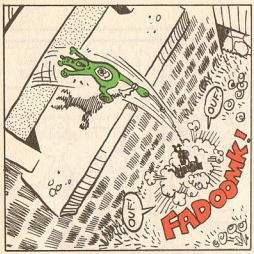
NOW, ANYONE GOT ANY SENSIBLE IDEAS?
YEAH DICK'EAD, IVE GOT A BLINDER! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE HOUSE IS EMPTY
COO! HOW EXCITING!

THE FOLLOWING DAY
WELL, I MUST SAY DISMAL BEAR, THIS IS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS!
TO MOW THE GARDEN LAWN AND PRETEND JILLY DID IT! HER PARENTS WILL BE DELIGHTED!

TIE THE OTHER END TO SOMETHING SOLID BABBLING BEAR! AND MAKE SURE IT'S SECURE!
OKEY-DOKEY!

OKAY GUYS, START CLIMBING DOWN THE ROPE TO THE GARDEN
ARE YOU SURE THIS ROPE IS SECURE?
COURSE! EVEN BABBLING BEAR COULDN'T SCREW THAT UP!
LOOK! ME TIE ROPE TO LEG!

THWiiPP!!
BLARK!


FADOOMK!
OUF!
OUF!

BIG DOGS TURD!
I KNEW THAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN! OR DID I?

SOON
HMM... NOW, I WONDER HOW YOU WORK THIS THING?
PSST! YOU TWO, C'MERE!
R.I.P
HUH?

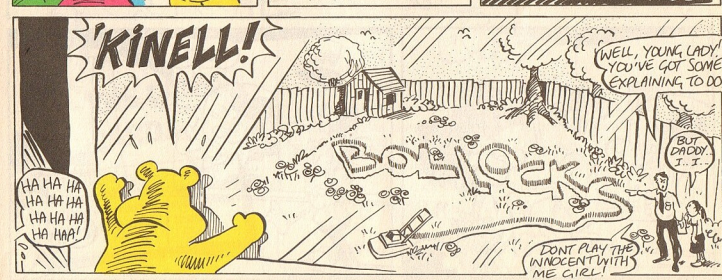
SHORTLY
ER.. HEY OPTIMISTIC BEAR! ME AND THE LADS HERE, DECIDED YOU COULD DO WITH A REST. SO WE'LL DO THE MOWING AND YOU CAN HAVE A KIP!
?
GEE! YOU'VE REALLY HAD A CHANGE OF CHARACTER LATELY DISMAL! SO EAGER TO HELP YOUNG JILLY.

SO...
LEFT! LEFT! OR RIGHT
LEFT!
RIGHT!
LEFT!
LEFT OR RIGHT?
RIGHT! RIGHT!

LATER
YAWN! FINISHED SO SOON? JOLLY GOOD SHOW! JILLY'S PARENTS WILL BE DELIGHTED

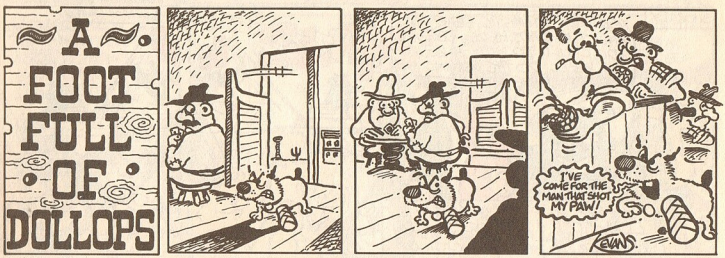
I'LL JUST FORGE A NOTE TO HER PARENTS SO THEY THINK SHE DID IT:
"DEAR MUMMY AND DADDY...
GIGGLE CHUCKLE

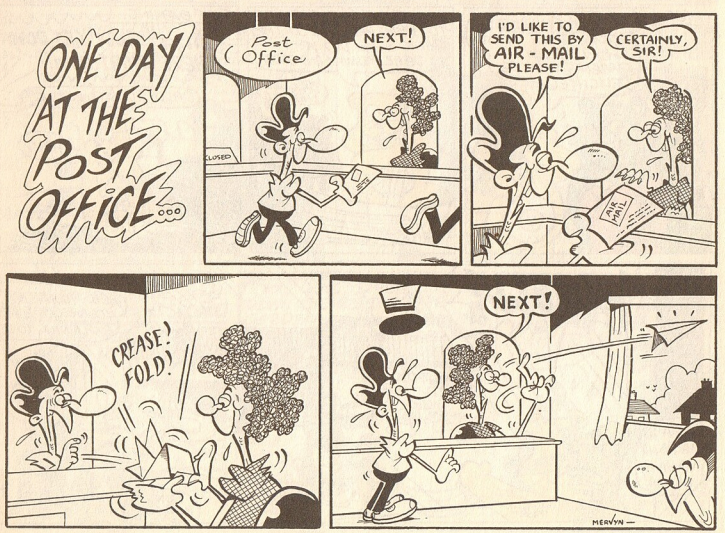
THAT EVENING...
JILLY!! JILLY! GET DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!!
DADDY? WHATS WRONG?
HUH?


'KINELL!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAA!
BOOMOLLY
WELL, YOUNG LADY! YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!
BUT DADDY I..I..
DONT PLAY THE INNOCENT WITH ME GIRL!
© LOCH 92

The Horspitality Hotel

BY JAMES ©1990





VERY USEFUL ACNE WARNING CARDS!!!

ANOTHER FAB ACNE GIVEAWAY

We at Acne are offering you our range of extensive warning cards for you to give to people in those circumstances when words just aren't enough.

1 DEAR TEACHIE.....

Number one is especially for that teacher who keeps hassling you for that essay he set you two years ago. All you have to do is cut it out, fill it in and hand it to the old smegger.

acne

Dear Mr(s).....,
this is just a little card to say that I have absolutely no intention of doing the homework you set me on ..... I have far better things to do with my valuable time like eating biscuits or staring at the clouds for example. Please do not bother me any more with your pathetic and tiresome tasks. By the way, it is true what they say, teachers do have fat arses and stinky breath.
Have a nice day!

Signed.....

acne

Dear vicious, unruly, bully type person,
Okay, you may have administered a thorough beating upon me this time, but just let me tell you pal.....

YOU ARE DEAD!

If it takes a week or a decade, I will get even with you. You're going to spend the rest of your life looking over your shoulder and one day you'll cop for it sunshine! People like you grow up to be queers!

Signed.....

2 DEAR MR 'ARD.....

This next one is ideal for those of you who are suffering at the hands of an evil bully. The next time he gives you a 'reet good kicking,' fill in this card and give it to him.

Acne tip: *You're best off signing your friend's name, just to be on the safe side.*

3 THE CANINE CARD....

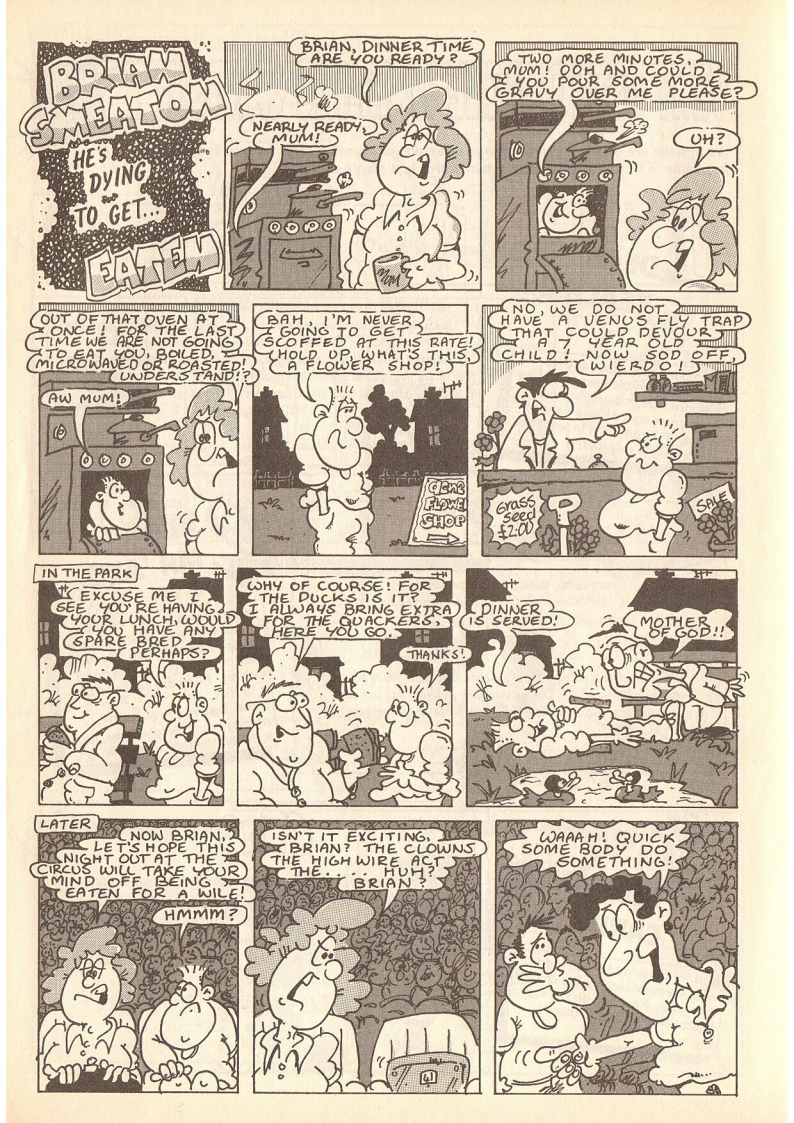
And for those dudes out there who are constantly being chased by a really hard dog on the way to school each day..... there's this!

acne

Dear Dog,
Up yours you filthy, flea bitten. shabby looking, mangy mongrel! You may have me on the run today, but I'll be back! My dad is a vet and when I return it's the old death jab in the back of the neck for you! You may think you're a ferocious, rabid pooch, but I say you're nothing more than an over grown cat!

GET RUN OVER, ROVER

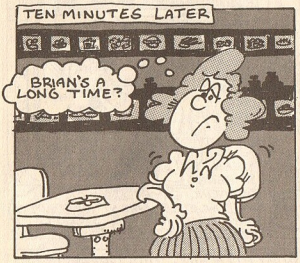
Signed.....


BRIAN SMEATON
HE'S DYING TO GET... EATEN
BRIAN, DINNER TIME ARE YOU READY?
NEARLY READY, MUM!
MUM
TWO MORE MINUTES, MUM! OOH AND COULD YOU POUR SOME MORE GRAVY OVER ME PLEASE?
UH?
OUT OF THAT OVEN AT ONCE! FOR THE LAST TIME WE ARE NOT GOING TO EAT YOU, BOILED, MICROWAVED OR ROASTED! UNDERSTAND!?
AW MUM!
BAH, I'M NEVER GOING TO GET SCOFFED AT THIS RATE! HOLD UP, WHAT'S THIS, A FLOWER SHOP!
CLARK'S FLOWER SHOP
NO, WE DO NOT HAVE A VENUS FLY TRAP THAT COULD DEVOUR A 7 YEAR OLD CHILD! NOW SOD OFF, WIERDO!
GRASS SEED £2.00
SALE
IN THE PARK
EXCUSE ME I SEE YOU'RE HAVING YOUR LUNCH, WOULD YOU HAVE ANY SPARE BRED PERHAPS?
WHY OF COURSE! FOR THE DUCKS IS IT? I ALWAYS BRING EXTRA FOR THE QUACKERS, HERE YOU GO.
THANKS!
DINNER IS SERVED!
MOTHER OF GOD!!
LATER
NOW BRIAN, LET'S HOPE THIS NIGHT OUT AT THE CIRCUS WILL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF BEING EATEN FOR A WILE!
HMMM?
ISN'T IT EXCITING, BRIAN? THE CLOWNS THE HIGH WIRE ACT THE... HUH? BRIAN?
WAAAH! QUICK SOME BODY DO SOMETHING!

HERE KITTY KITTY!

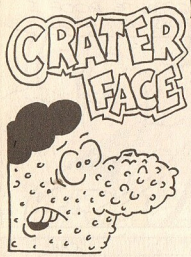
ON THE WAY HOME...
I MEAN, WHO THE BLOODY HELL HAS HEARD OF VEGETARIAN LIONS? IT'S RIDICULOUS!

JUST A SECOND MUM, I'LL JUST POP TO THE BOG IN MC DONALDS.


TEN MINUTES LATER
BRIAN'S A LONG TIME?

20 MINUTES LATER
O WELL, MAY AS WELL HAVE A BURGER WILE I'M WAITING.
WE HAVE LIFT OFF!

THE END
ART. JOE
SCRIPT. DEANO
©

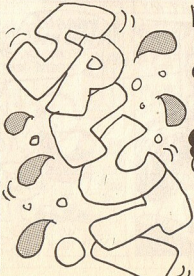

CRATER FACE

ONE DAY
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ON THESE BLOODY SPOTS NOTHING WORKS!

ANDREW WILL YOU HOOVER THE LIVING ROOM FOR ME?
I SOPPOSE SO. IT'LL TAKE MY MIND OFF MY ZITS

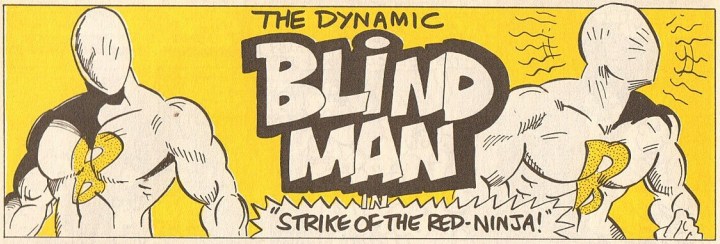
IDEA!

SOON
RIGHT, THAT'S THE FLOOR DONE. NOW FOR PLAN B!



LATER...
BOY! SUCTION POWER WORKED A TREAT! THE THING IS....

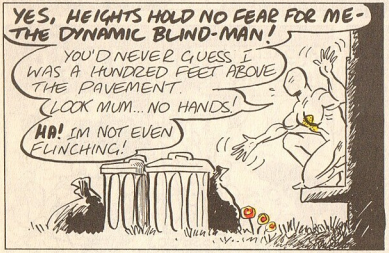
...I HOPE MUM DOES'NT EMPTY THE HOOVER BAG TODAY!
EUGH!

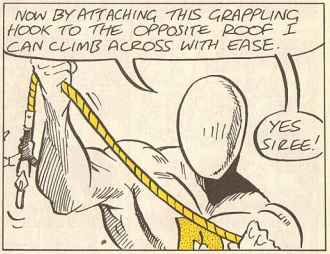

THE DYNAMIC
BLIND MAN
IN
"STRIKE OF THE RED-NINJA!"

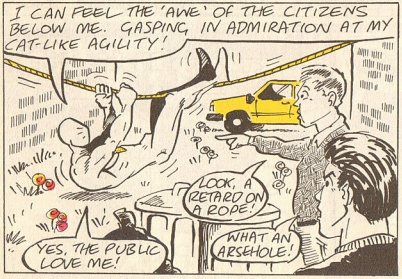
POLICE HAVE WARNED THE PUBLIC TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE CRIMINAL MASTERMIND 'THE RED-NINJA' WHO ESCAPED FROM A TOP SECURITY JAIL EARLIER TODAY.
OH NO! MY ARCH ENEMY 'THE RED-NINJA' ON THE LOOSE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR.....

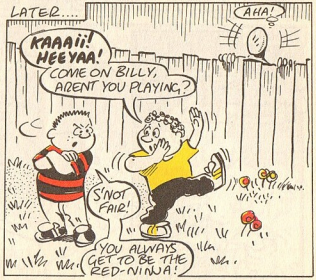
...BLIND-MAN!

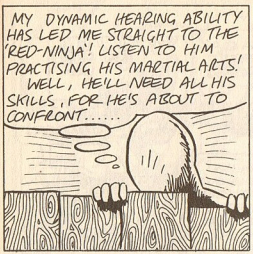
EVENTUALLY...
LUCKILY MY LACK OF SIGHT STOPS ME FROM FEARING HEIGHTS LIKE NORMAL CITIZENS
I CAN SIT HERE BALANCING EFFORTLESSLY ON THIS WINDOWLEDGE, WHILST HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW ME, THE STREETS BUZZ WITH ACTIVITY!

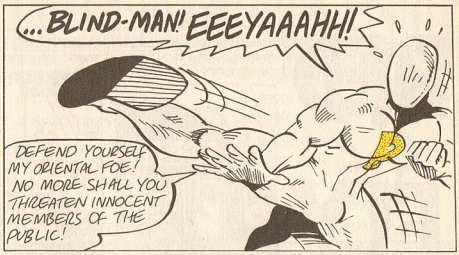

YES, HEIGHTS HOLD NO FEAR FOR ME - THE DYNAMIC BLIND-MAN!
YOU'D NEVER GUESS I WAS A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE PAVEMENT.
LOOK MUM... NO HANDS!
HA! IM NOT EVEN FLINCHING!


NOW BY ATTACHING THIS GRAPPLING HOOK TO THE OPPOSITE ROOF I CAN CLIMB ACROSS WITH EASE.
YES SIREE!

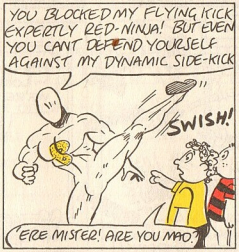

I CAN FEEL THE 'AWE' OF THE CITIZENS BELOW ME. GASPING IN ADMIRATION AT MY CAT-LIKE AGILITY!
LOOK, A RETARD ON A ROPE!
WHAT AN ARSEHOLE!
YES, THE PUBLIC LOVE ME!


LATER...
AHA!
KAAAII! HEEYAA!
COME ON BILLY, ARENT YOU PLAYING?
S'NOT FAIR!
YOU ALWAYS GET TO BE THE RED-NINJA!


MY DYNAMIC HEARING ABILITY HAS LED ME STRAIGHT TO THE RED-NINJA! LISTEN TO HIM PRACTISING HIS MARTIAL ARTS!
WELL, HE'LL NEED ALL HIS SKILLS, FOR HE'S ABOUT TO CONFRONT.....


...BLIND-MAN! EEEYAAAHH!
DEFEND YOURSELF MY ORIENTAL FOE! NO MORE SHALL YOU THREATEN INNOCENT MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC!

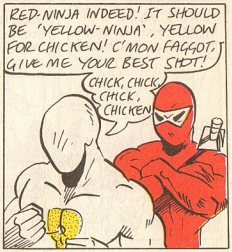
WHO'S HE TALKING TO BILLY?
DUNNO? MUM SAYS WE MUSN'T TALK TO STRANGE MEN!
OWW!

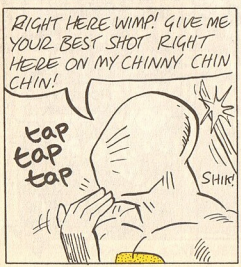

YOU BLOCKED MY FLYING KICK EXPERTLY RED-NINJA! BUT EVEN YOU CANT DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST MY DYNAMIC SIDE-KICK
SWISH!
EICE MISTER! ARE YOU MAD?

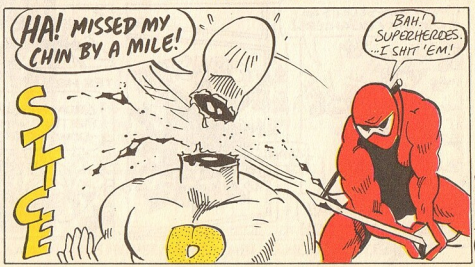
HA! YOUR PUNCHES ARE SO SOFT I CANT EVEN FEEL THEM! YOU HIT LIKE A GIRL! C'MON PUSSY, GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT!
C'MON LETS GO HOME BILLY. IM BORED

MEANWHILE...
DAMN! THE POLICE HAVE THE WHOLE AREA COVERED—IM TRAPPED! HMM... I WONDER WHATS BEHIND THIS FENCE?

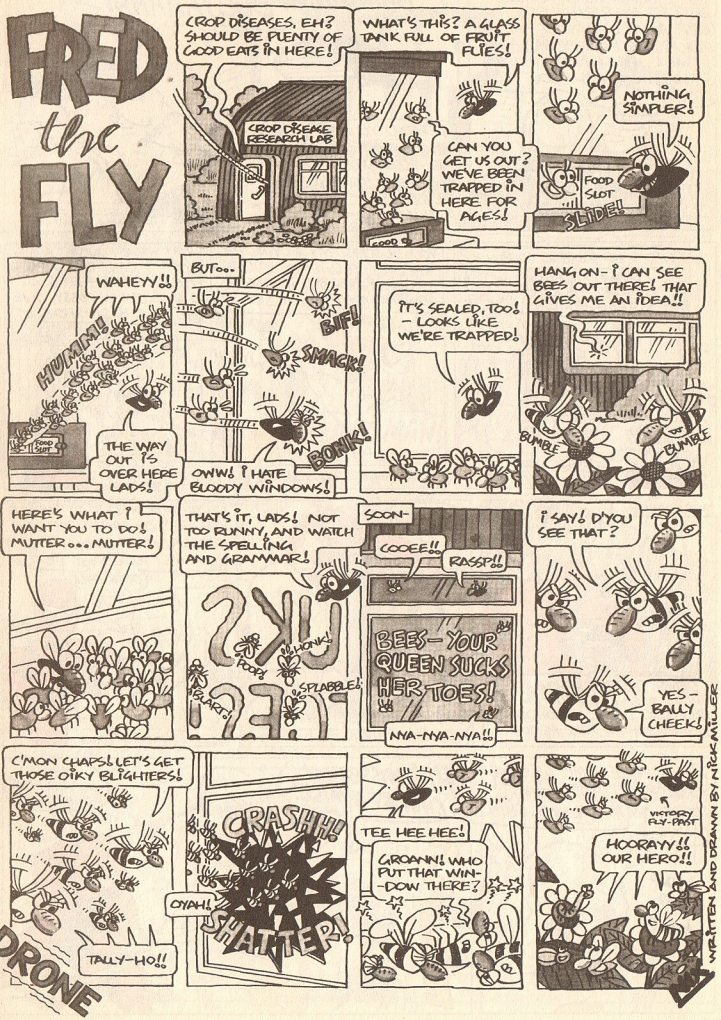
HUH??
C'MON! I FOUGHT OLD LADIES HARDER THAN YOU! YOU BIG FAIRY!


RED-NINJA INDEED! IT SHOULD BE 'YELLOW-NINJA', YELLOW FOR CHICKEN! C'MON FAGGOT, GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT!
CHICK, CHICK, CHICK, CHICKEN


RIGHT HERE WIMP! GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT RIGHT HERE ON MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN!
tap tap tap
SHIK!


HA! MISSED MY CHIN BY A MILE!
SLICE
BAH! SUPERHEROES...I SHIT 'EM!
© LEE 492

FRED the FLY


CROP DISEASES, EH? SHOULD BE PLENTY OF GOOD EATS IN HERE!
CROP DISEASE RESEARCH LAB
WHAT'S THIS? A GLASS TANK FULL OF FRUIT FLIES!
CAN YOU GET US OUT? WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN HERE FOR AGES!
FOOD
NOTHING SIMPLER!
FOOD SLOT
SLIDE!!
WAHEYY!!
HUMM!
FOOD SLOT
THE WAY OUT IS OVER HERE LADS!
BUT...
BIFF!
SMACK!
BONK!
OWW! I HATE BLOODY WINDOWS!
IT'S SEALED, TOO! - LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TRAPPED!
HANG ON - I CAN SEE BEES OUT THERE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!!
BUMBLE
BUMBLE
HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO! MUTTER... MUTTER!
THAT'S IT, LADS! NOT TOO RUNNY, AND WATCH THE SPELLING AND GRAMMAR!
SOON-
COOEE!!
RASSP!!
BEES - YOUR QUEEN SUCKS HER TOES!
NYA-NYA-NYA!!
HONK!
FOOP
SPLABBLE!
I SAY! D'YOU SEE THAT?
YES - BALLY CHEEK!
C'MON CHAPS! LET'S GET THOSE OIKY BLIGHTERS!
TALLY-HO!!
DRONE
CRASH!!
OYAH!
SHATTER!
TEE HEE HEE!
GROANN! WHO PUT THAT WIN-DOW THERE?
VICTORY FLY-PAST
HOORAYY!! OUR HERO!!
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY NICK MILLER

BILLY BUTT JOKE PACK!!

SEND TO: ACNE JOKE DEPT., SANDYLANDS HOUSE, MORECAMBE, LANCASHIRE. LA3 1DG

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT YOU GET!!

- FAKE TURD
- ITCHING POWDER
- FART SPRAY
- FAKE FAG
- WHOOPEE CUSHION
- JUMPING BEANS
- BLOOD CAPSULES
- CUSTARD PIE IN A CAN
- EXPLODING FUN SNAPS
- FAKE COCKROACH
- BLACK SOAP
- BLUE GUM
- HOT GUM
- FLOATING EYEBALL
- DISAPPEARING BLUE INK
- GARLIC T-BAGS

ALL ITEMS WERE CHOSEN BY BILLY... NEED WE SAY MORE?

PLEASE RUSH ME .....(number) **BILLY BUTT JOKE PACKS!**

I ENCLOSE A CHEQUE ☐ P.O. ☐ ACCESS ☐ VISA ☐ FOR £.....

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ EXP. DATE .....

NAME OF CARD HOLDER..... SIGNATURE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

..... POST CODE .....

SUBSCRIBE

"WE NEED THE CASH!!"

FOR ONLY 12 QUID WE'LL SEND YA THE NEXT 12 ISSUES OF BRITAIN'S BEST MAG! PLUS WE'LL SEND YA AN ACNE COLOUR T-SHIRT WORTH £6.99 ABSOLUTELY FREE!! WOT YA WAITIN' FOR??

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 12 ISSUES OF ACNE BY FIRST CLASS POST.

STARTING WITH ISSUE ..... FREE T-SHIRT SIZE REQ'D ..... (S/M/L)

TO: NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

I ENCLOSE A CHEQUE / P.O. FOR £12.00 PAYABLE TO THE ACNE PUBLISHING C°/ OR DEBIT MY RICH FOLKS ACCESS / VISA CARD (ACCESS ☐ VISA ☐)

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ EXPIRY DATE .....

NAME OF CARD HOLDER.....

SIGNATURE .....

SEND TO ACNE SUBS, SANDYLANDS HOUSE, MORECAMBE, LANCS, LA3 1DG.

Are you keeping the rest of your class mates awake with your noisy schnozzle? Are you trumpeting like a rowdy elephant every maths lesson? Then why not try my very own method of 'stopping snoring'? My ingenious 'nose snipping off programme' will bring back those noise free sleepy days with just one SNIP! Write to me for full details of this highly effective yet very painful idea at...
Dr Howe's Dorkbrained Laboratories Ltd, C/O this comic.

RHEUMATIC PAIN

WHY DO YOU SUFFER?

YES, WHY DO YOU SUFFER?

PENSION ADVICE. How old are you? Under 12? Over 8? Then it's high time you started thinking about YOUR future. Secure your Autumn years by ringing me, Kevin Maxwell, on 0898 666555 and let me take care of your money. Go on, trust me!!

Barclaycard and Access cards are accepted as prepayment of crassified advertising

(just steal dad's wallet and you're away!)

£$ MONEY EXCHANGE!! $£

It sounds crazy! It sounds too easy! It sounds like a con!

THAT'S BECAUSE IT IS!

For the last 20 years, we've been sending millions of happy customers millions of happy pounds at absolutely no cost at all, to us that is! To take part in this unusual and to be honest, frighteningly good offer, simply tick which unit of currency you'd like and send us your cheque.

- ☐ £5 in coins ---------- only £6.99 (99p P&P)
- ☐ £10 in coins ---------- only £15.99 (£6 P&P)
- ☐ £50 in coins ---------- only £67.99 (£18 P&P)
- ☐ £100 in coins ---------- only £500 (£60 P&P)

BROKEFAST & ROBBERS,
Ltd. P.O. BOX 99, LONDON

NEW and UNISSUED *Genuine*

POLICEMAN'S TROUSERS

Ideal for arresting people who are impressed and scared by immaculately pressed trousers. Made from 100% pig skin, bobbies duds will not only startle your friends and family, but gain you respect amongst the local constabulary.

Truncheon not supplied.

Send to:
STOLEN POLICEWEAR SUPPLIES,
THE HOOKY GEAR TRADING CENTRE,
HACKNEY,
LONDON. Tel 999,
ask for P.C. Cuthbert.

B & B IN SEASIDE HOTEL Fancy staying in a seedy hotel for a weekend or two? Close prox for walks on dog turd beaches, sheets only slightly soiled. Chain-smokers only please
Tel 6723-657380293

GIVE UP SMOKING AND SAVE £1200 A YEAR!

Just imagine the cash You waste on the dreaded weed each year! A fortune up in smoke! Smoking is horrible and disgusting so why not give up today? Each time you get the urge to buy a packet of cancer sticks DON'T! send the cash to us and we'll dispose of it for you! It's so easy! The address is...,

STOP SMOKING AND MAKE US RICH!
SANDYLANDS HOUSE,
MORECAMBE,
LA3 1DG.

DO YOU ATTRACT WOMEN?

If the answer is no then you're more than likely really good at computer games, or you have ginger hair. But all is not lost. With new improved Shinnanagang's Magic Moonbeams you'll turn into the bird pulling, super snogger you've always wanted to be! Simply sprinkle the mysterious moonbeams over your head and let their magical properties take over. In no time at all you'll be good looking and charming.

SEND £60 NOW TO...
SHINANNAGANS
MAGIC MOONBEAMS,
CODSWALLOP
COTTAGE, LINCOLN.

LEARN HOW TO TALK LIKE JIM BOWEN IN SECONDS!!!

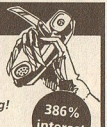
Send us just $20 today and we'll teach you all the vocal techniques of Britain's cuddliest comic, Jim Bowen! You get a clear and concise audio cassette with ALL of Jim's catchphrases for you to copy!

LOVELY! SMASHING! GREAT!

You just can't beat a bit of bully with the JIM BOWEN TALKOUT TAPE!
only £12.99

send to: Keep Out The Black And Into The Red Enterprises Ltd
Just Relax Don't Worry House,
Ooohbadluckchester,
London.

PERSONAL LOANS



SKINT AS A GOOD 'UN? WELL WE'RE NOT!!
We can advance you up to 25p on your next pocket money today and all you have to do is call.
NEED SOME CASH FOR A BAG OF CHIPS? ***You got it!***
LIKE TO BUY A MARS BAR OF YOUR OWN? ***Sure thing!***
WANT TO BUY A TIN OF BEANS? ***We do H.P. loans!***
CALL VICIOUS UNDERHANDED MONEYLENDERS ON 098 26574 AND WE'LL SEND THE DOSH.
Oh we'll break your legs if you don't pay us back in time too.

Girls!! Sick of being the dog of the class? Tired of being the butt of all those cruel Pit Bull jokes? Well now it's time for you to shine like the star you are with...

THE BET LYNCH TARTY BIRD KIT!

'Believe it or not, I was once an unattractive out of work actress, so I developed The Bet Lynch Tarty Bird Kit and my life changed. Well, I found a job at least. Perhaps you'll find happiness too? Why not give it a whirl?

Bet, before the treatment.

Bet today. The smart and tarty chick what she is.

Send £19.99 (£20.50 after 6 o'clock) NOW AND YOU'LL RECEIVE BEAUTY AIDS AND TIPS FROM ONE OF ENGLAND'S LEADING ACTRESSES, AND FROM BET HERSELF TOO! BET'S BEAUTY BITS, THE ROVER'S RETURN, WAKEFIELD.
(Please allow 28 days for delivery)

BUILD MUSCLES FAST!

Yes, girls, you too can become fantastically huge and scary with our new and effective **GIRLY BIG QUICK PROGRAMME.** Within only 17 years YOU'LL be as big as a houseboat, as wide as a Volkswagon and as strong as Arnie's last fart! So come on you weedy chicks, send £99.99 to: FEMALE BEEFCAKES Ltd, BRENDA THE BRUISER BUILDINGS, BARNSLY, ENGLAND.

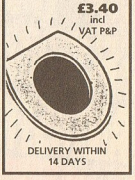
Don't be a tiny trollop, be a massive bitch!

PROBLEMS AT SCHOOL?

If you're bothered by grumpy teachers, you want to get out of P.E. lessons or simply don't like Mondays, then the Magnum737 is for YOU! There isn't a problem this little baby can't solve, and all with the squeeze of a trigger. Why not order yours now and watch all your worries disappear in cloud of gunsmoke? MAKE YOUR DAY, PUNK! Send £78.99 to... DIRTY HARRY'S PROBLEM SOLVER REVOLVER, HEARTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, AMERICA.

Warma Seat

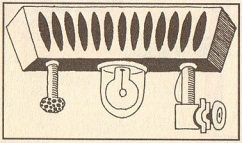
Perfect for those cold winter mornings when all you want to do is crap in comfort. It evaporates wee wee splashes in an instant too! Go, on give your bum a treat! Available from all good shops.



FART DETECTOR ALARMS!

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU BEEN AT A PARTY WHEN SOMEONE DROPS A 'BOWEL YODEL' AND WON'T ADMIT TO IT? IT'S JUST THE KIND OF ATMOSPHERE ANY SOCIAL GATHERING CAN DO WITHOUT!

Thanks to the new BUMCO FART DETECTOR ALARM, as soon as a 'hearty quaker' has been emitted, the siren sounds and a harmless laser shines onto the crafty guff merchant, shaming him/her into an apology! For only £19.99 you can guarantee your party won't go off with a pong! Invest in a BUMCO FART DETECTOR ALARM and keep nasty niffs at bay!!



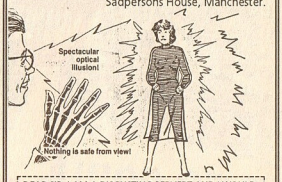
AT YOUR PARTY BE A SMARTY AND SINGLE OUT THE FARTY!!

UNCOVER THE MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN BODY with KNOCKERSCOPE VISION!

See through flesh, and clothing and other opaque things!

Imagine having X-Ray eyes and seeing through almost anything, especially girls tops. Well, these wonder glasses have the ability to do just that! Clothes just fade away and massive wobbly knockers appear quicker than you can say, 'Phwoar!, look at the jugs on that babe!' It's magic, it's astounding, it's a downright filthy thing to do, but who cares! Imagine all the tits YOU'LL see for free! Why not order extra sets so you'll always have a them on hand in those emergency lady bump situations!

Knockerscope Offer, Sickos & Pervs Ltd, Sadpersons House, Manchester.



DEAR SIR, I AM A DISGUSTING PERVERT AND I WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AT LADIES CHESTS FOR NOTHING SO SEND ME _____ PAIR(S) OF KNOCKERSCOPE GLASSES FOR £19.95 EACH IMMEDIATELY.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Please add £20 to ensure we don't inform your folks or the Police

BUY A PAIR TO SEE A PAIR

THE BIG COMPETITION PAGE WITH THE BIGGEST PRIZES

MARIO MADNESS!

STUNNING GRAPHICS

BIG STEREO SOUND

WIN THIS FULL-SIZE PINBALL MACHINE

IT'S FLIPPIN' FANTASTIC

WE'VE GONE MARIO MAD!!

PLAY THE FUN QUIZ NOW AND IT COULD BE YOURS

CALL 0839-550000

WIN!

1 GO GO GO!!!

THIS HUGE PILE OF THUNDERBIRDS MODELS COULD BE ALL YOURS!! CALL THE FUN QUIZ NOW!! 0839 550009

WIN!

2 GET A LOAD OF THIS!!!

EVERYTHING HERE COULD BE COMING YOUR WAY!! 0839 550016

WIN!

3 WIN!!!

THIS INSANE HEAP OF WRESTLING GOODIES. PLAY THE WRESTLE QUIZ NOW!! 0839 550011

CALLS COST 36p / MIN (CHEAP RATE) 48p / MIN (OTHER TIMES) INC. VAT. PLEASE ASK PERMISSION BEFORE YOU CALL. AVERAGE LENGTH OF CALL 5.5 MIN / 1.98 (CHEAP RATE). COMPETITORS ARE REQUIRED TO